Chronicles

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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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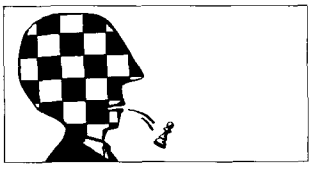

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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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On Family Life

In the November 1996 issue of *Chronicles*, there is a review ("Heathen Days" by Gregory McNamee) of John Gillis's book *A World of Their Own Making*. I do not know whether to blame the reviewer or the author, but I find many of the statements questionable.

McNamee says "Gillis combs the census records to show that . . . premarital pregnancy rates in most American states . . . have never fallen below ten percent." I have spent many days combing census records and have never seen anything which would allow any conclusion about premarital pregnancy rates. The only thing that would come close would be a marriage date less than nine months before the birth of a child, and most of the United States census records do not provide this. For the one or two that do, I found practically no such cases, and indeed since the information was provided by the individual, it would have been very easy to change the marriage date. A marriage certificate was not required by the census taker.

English church records do provide some measure of illegitimacy since children are listed as bastard or base-born, but having spent some time with such records, I would hardly put the rate as high as ten percent. Interestingly, I found no case in which a female had two bastard children. Apparently the community saw to it that the father did his duty to the poor lass.

And I do not know what Gillis means by "no great fuss" about premarital pregnancy before the 19th century. Gillis might want to check the colonial records, where he would find that there was indeed a fuss about premarital pregnancy. Hence the *shotgun* wedding, presided over by the father and brothers of the offended girl.

—Charles Prevost
San Jose, CA

Dr. Gillis Replies:

I do not believe authors should be held responsible for the way reviewers represent their books. Gregory McNamee's short and generous treatment of my *A World of Their Own Making* could not possibly present all its nuances. As someone who is not a historian, Mr. McNamee may have missed the difference between census and parish records. I was referring explicitly to evidence from the parish records, which, as Peter Laslett, Edward Shorter, and Lawrence Stone have shown, reveal considerable illegitimacy before the modern era. And, in a few instances, women did bear more than one child out of wedlock.

As my book makes clear, the family cultures I am describing originated in both Europe and North America among the Victorian urban Protestant middle classes. Mr. Prevost is right in thinking that the family cultures of rural and working-class people were quite different until this century. As for the dating of compulsory education, the laws were on the books by the late 19th century, though I would agree that full compliance was not easily achieved.

I appreciate Mr. Prevost's probing questions, most of which are answered by the book. I hope he will read it.

—John R. Gillis
Professor of History
Rutgers University
New Brunswick, NJ

On Crime Genes

Kevin Lamb's excellent article ("Crime Genes and Other Delusions," December 1996) illuminated recent behavioral genetic research on temperament and its relation to crime and showed that scientific interest of this kind is growing rapidly, despite continued opposition from the political correctness crowd. Coincidentally, two new articles of mine bear directly on this issue.

In the July 1996 issue of the medical journal *Psychiatric Genetics*, I examined data from several hundred twin pairs and found that general misbehavior for men is about 75 percent heritable and that violence is about 50 percent heritable. The measures of violence included carrying and using a weapon, fighting in public, struggling with a policeman, and vandalism. This may have been the first study to show that violence *per se* is heritable, for even some behavioral geneti-

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cists relate violence to alcohol and/or drug abuse, perhaps implying that it is less heritable.

In an article in the October 1996 issue of *Aggressive Behavior*, I demonstrated that testosterone is related to aggressive behavior in both men and women. We obtained testosterone samples from the saliva of 300 college men and women and asked them to complete questionnaires regarding their aggression and nurturance in different situations. Men had five times more testosterone than did women and reported themselves as more aggressive and less nurturant than did women. Both men and women with high testosterone felt more anger and aggression than their counterparts. Similarly, men and women with low testosterone felt more nurturance than their counterparts.

These new findings on the biology of crime have implications for racial variation in criminal behavior, given that blacks (on average) have more testosterone than whites, who have more than Asians. Although it is well documented that blacks in the United States commit more crimes of violence than do whites or Asians, it is seldom realized just how strong the race-crime relation is. Glayde Whitney, a president of the Behavior Genetics Association, published a paper in the 1995 issue of *Mankind Quarterly* showing a very high correlation ($r = 0.77$) between the percentage of blacks in a state and the state's homicide rate. It is seldom officially noted that Orientals are underrepresented in American crime statistics relative to whites and have been ever since record keeping began.

Even less often noted is that this same three-way racial gradient in crime found in the United States is also found around the world. As I show in my book *Race, Evolution, and Behavior* (1995), African and Caribbean countries have twice the rate of violent crime (murder, rape, and serious assault) as do European countries, which in turn have twice the rate of violent crime as do Pacific Rim countries.

—J. Philippe Rushton
Professor of Psychology
University of Western Ontario
London, Ontario

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

THE CONFEDERATE battle flag is in the news again—specifically the one that has flown from the state capitol dome in Columbia, South Carolina, by legislative resolution, every day since 1962. A combination of leaders of civil rights organizations, out-of-state-owned mass media, and big business powers has been trying to get the flag down for years. Every such effort has been voted down, even with Democratic majorities, and every poll shows quite overwhelming support for the status quo. (The flag flies below the Stars and Stripes of the Empire headquartered in Washington and the traditional Palmetto banner of South Carolina. Strangely, the federal district judges, who usually settle these matters, have kept out.)

Keeping the flag up was something of an issue in the last statewide elections, where every Republican candidate promised, repeatedly, to leave the banner of Southern identity and heritage exactly where it has been. (The party of Lincoln, by a strange twist of fate, is now more or less the conservative party in the South.) The Republicans won all the statewide offices and both houses of the legislature—for the first time since the last bluecoats left in 1877.

Suddenly, the flag issue, which seemingly had been put to rest, has been revived by the new Republican governor, one David Beasley, who has proposed that "it is time to bring the flag down." By way of compromise, he suggests flying Confederate banners at the two Confederate monuments on the capitol grounds, though this "compromise" has already been rejected by black legislators.

In so doing, the governor, a former Democrat and self-described born-again Christian, has reversed the stand he took repeatedly in his campaign. According to his explanation, he was led to his new position by prayer (whether to the Almighty or to His earthly deputy Ralph Reed, whose Christian Coalition possibly gave Beasley his small margin of victory, is not clear). The less trusting suspect the advice of political consultants who think the young governor can position himself as a national figure, a foolish hope. But it is pressing for him to try to recapture some political momentum since there is widespread suspicion of administrative incompetence and chicanery. Moreover, this darling of the Christian Coalition is widely believed to have Clintonesque personal habits, and he has a father-in-law who operates an abortion mill in Alabama.

In many ways, battles over symbols are the most important political battles of all. The continuing effort to denigrate and suppress the protean symbol of the bloody St. Andrew's cross of the Confederacy, known universally as the chief representative symbol of the American South, reveals much about the forces at conflict in present American society.

Beasley has enlisted all the former governors of both parties and the two United States senators behind his proposals, indicating careful advance orchestration. (None of them had proposed bringing the flag down when they were in a position to!) Whenever all the top old pols of both parties gather round to push something, it is positive proof that a fast one is being put over on the people. (Remember all the senile ex-Presidents who were herded together to support the NAFTA swindle?)

Opponents of the flag claim it is a symbol of slavery, segregation, white supremacy, and defiance of the federal government. It might just as well be argued that its raising had to do with the Civil War bicentennial. In fact, a symbol as large as the Confederate flag has many meanings, the most important being simply an expression of traditional Southern pride and distinctiveness. That is what it primarily means to the large majority of working- and middle-class citizens of South Carolina who feel that their own values will be betrayed at the behest of special interests, once again, if the governor has his way. And they believe, rightly, that the anti-flag

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people will only use this as a base to carry on further attacks, since there is hardly a monument or even a street name in the state that is not imbued with Southern history.

The conflict in South Carolina, in fact, comes down to a conflict between the establishment and the people. As always and everywhere, the Republican Party ends up carrying water for its opponents and betraying its constituents. As always, the establishment seeks to put over whatever "respectable opinion" has decided, no matter what the voters think. That is the only real political confrontation in America today.

But it seems entirely possible that the establishment, this time, will lose. The common term being applied to the governor's action is "betrayal." Nobody expects much of politicians these days, and the electorate will overlook much, but a "betrayal" is a serious thing that will be remembered and punished.

In this case, the establishment not only seeks to thwart the will of the people. It is also in a relentless pursuit of mediocrity and sameness. Columbia, South Carolina, must become indistinguishable from Columbus, Ohio, which is only a small and early step on the road to the New World Order.

—*Clyde Wilson*

THE MEXICAN-AMERICAN border is under siege, and the latest attack has come from the Mexican government. In December, the Mexican Senate unanimously approved a constitutional amendment which allows Mexicans to become United States citizens without losing their Mexican citizenship. A few days later, the Mexican Congress approved the same amendment, 405-1. This was Mexico's second major constitutional amendment in three months. The first, passed in September, allows Mexicans living in the United States to cast absentee ballots in Mexican elections. Taken together, the two amendments allow American citizens of Mexican origin to vote in both countries.

Mexican-Americans have been blunt about the purpose of the constitutional revisions. "We finally won!" José Chapa, a retired radio announcer from Chicago who for years has pressured Mexico to adopt a dual-citizenship amendment, told the *New York Times*. "Now we're asking our people to become American citizens because that's the only way we can defend our interests here." Mexican officials have been even less circumspect. The *Times* reports that "The Government of President Ernesto Zedillo hopes that [Mexican-Americans] will become an influential ethnic lobby," while NPR's "All Things Considered" stated that Mexican officials believe that California's Proposition 187, which prohibited illegal aliens from receiving many public services, could have been defeated if the citizenship amendment had been in place.

In the past, immigrants—contrary to the "Melting Pot" myth—often retained much of their cultural heritage, including their native language, foods, and religious practices, and lived in fairly insular, unassimilated communities. Some—the Irish spring to mind—even enjoyed dual citizenship. But the Mexican government's action portends a new era in immigration. Mexico revised her constitution with the express intent of increasing her influence over American policy. The Mexican government clearly believes that Mexican immigrants who become American citizens will retain not only their culture and language but their loyalty to the Mexican state. If Señor Chapa's statement is any indication, the gamble is likely to pay off.

Should other countries follow suit, the United States could become the first country whose democratically elected politicians are placed in office by the citizens of other countries. Of course, the campaign finance scandals of the past election could be avoided. The Indonesians could keep their money, and simply ship their surplus population to the United States. While in the past, American Presidents have tended to take few foreign trips during an election year, we could expect to see them flying off to Mexico City, Beijing, and other exotic locales, seeking the endorsements of foreign leaders who will double as ethnic wardheelers.

But in the meantime, in its continuing effort to destroy what remains of the border, the Mexican government can count on its economic allies to the north. A key provision of NAFTA requires that Mexican truckers be given unlimited access to the interior of the United States. The Clinton administration, bowing to pressure from the Teamsters Union and environmental groups, has dragged its feet, instead restricting Mexican trucks to a commercial zone within 40 miles of the border. But now Governor George W. Bush of Texas, whose state stands to gain economically from the border's destruction, is urging the administration to implement the free-access provision. In American politics, economic interest always trumps concern for sovereignty.

Bush has been joined by Governor Pete Wilson of California. To save California money, he led the fight for Proposition 187; now, to stimulate California's economy, he'll fight to open the border, letting nothing stand in the way. More than anything else, it was Wilson's economic blinkers that stymied his presidential aspirations.

As the border rapidly erodes, American greed, combined with Third World imperialism, may yet make us—in Eugene McCarthy's phrase—a "colony of the world." Or perhaps, just the northernmost state of Mexico.

—*Scott P. Richert*

LEON TODD is the bravest man in Milwaukee. While Afrocentric "education" has always had its white conservative critics, Todd is perhaps the first black school official to seek to cut the explicitly Afrocentric content from his district's curriculum. A member of the Milwaukee School Board, Todd believes that black children would best be served not by efforts to boost their "self-esteem" or any other therapeutic silliness, but by rigorous education that would prepare them for the world outside. Todd learned the price of being an "Oreo" when his house was firebombed in December.

Despite insinuations that Todd is an agent of the white establishment, it seems that he learned by accident about the content of the curriculum at Milwaukee's two black "immersion" schools, the Martin Luther King Jr. Elementary School and the Malcolm X Academy. In the course of a financial audit of these two institutions last fall, he stumbled on some of the materials assigned to 1,100 children in social studies and other classes. This literature contained what Todd later described as "racist pseudo-science" that "mythologizes and falsifies the past and provides inaccurate information about the treatment of blacks in the ancient Mediterranean world." Todd was referring to the Portland Baseline Essays, a set of papers which were originally commissioned for use in the Portland, Oregon, public schools and

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now form the basis of Afrocentrist curricula in schools nationwide.

For example, according to the Essays, ancient Egyptians were black, all the achievements of the Egyptians are therefore black achievements, the black Egyptians had the technology to fly, and Cleopatra was "a distinctly African woman, dark in color. . . . If living today, she would probably be living in one of the Black communities of the United States." This Cleopatra-'n'-the-hood idea helped convince Todd, who has degrees in both Latin and Greek, that the public schools had thrown out all standards in order to foster "self-esteem" and a militant attitude among minorities. Todd says that he was also concerned about reports that the Milwaukee schools were introducing children to the rites and customs of bizarre African cults, such as genital mutilation and the use of cocaine for communion. If the separation of church and state keeps Christianity out of the schools, Todd reasoned, shouldn't it keep drug use and female circumcision out as well?

Prompted by complaints from parents at a half-dozen schools, Todd penned a resolution condemning Afrocentrism as "racist pseudo-science" and calling on the schools to jettison it. Not surprisingly, school officials grew defensive. "We didn't create a curriculum," said Ken Holt, principal of the Malcolm X Academy, in the *Wisconsin State Journal*. "We just researched and presented the truth." Josephine Mosely, principal of the Martin Luther King School, insisted that "Teaching children about their culture, history, and heritage does make a difference. . . . We do look at telling the whole truth about history and . . . telling our children that they are the descendants of queens and kings." These were the most polite responses to Todd's resolution. Parents also told Todd that he had become "whitenized," that because he had registered his marriage at the county courthouse, he was a sellout to the white establishment.

Todd's resolution was defeated in early December by a 3-2 vote at a meeting of the School Reform Committee attended by some 400 parents, students, and teachers. In addition to taunting him with catcalls, one of the attendees handed Todd a package of Oreo cookies.

But the Afrocentrists had not won. The School Reform Committee's decision was forwarded to the full School Board, which overturned it with a 7-2 vote. As a result, outside auditors will scrutinize the curriculum and then make recommendations to the Board. This does not mean, of course, that Afrocentrism is on the way out. While the School Board as presently constituted is sympathetic to Todd's position, it remains to be seen how long an incensed "community" will allow Board members to hold onto their seats. Some members of the community may take action outside the Eurocentric, parliamentary channels, as happened half an hour after the vote, when Todd's house was set ablaze by a Molotov cocktail.

A group of black scholars is reportedly working on a book which will debunk the "racist pseudo-science" of the Portland curriculum. They may be missing the point. It is easy enough to trash Afrocentrism on scholarly grounds, but historical accuracy was never the paramount concern of radical educators. As the case of Leon Todd shows, revisionism and "self-esteem" have eclipsed the old, quaint standards.

—*Michael Washburn*

EPICYCLES:

• Following the recent attack on the **Confederate Battle Flag** in South Carolina, the assault moved north, to the occupied state of Maryland. Two years ago, the Sons of Confederate Veterans petitioned the Maryland Motor Vehicle Association (MVA) for special license plates for its members. The MVA agreed, and over the past two years, 78 such plates (out of a state total of 3.7 million) have been issued. The MVA received its first complaint about the plates, which bear a small logo of the battle flag and the legend "Sons Confederate Veterans," in late December. The "civil rights" apparatus promptly kicked into action, and non-Marylanders held a rally in Baltimore to demand that the state recall the plates. The state meekly complied, with the head of MVA declaring, "We're not involved in polarizing people." Southern patriots may still sing the words of the hopeful song—"She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb; Huzza! She spurns the Northern scum! She breathes—she burns! She'll come! She'll come! Maryland, my Maryland!"—but it looks like they'll have to wait a little longer.

• Do you believe in magic? In a delicious bit of irony, the **McDonald's** franchise in Fairbury, Illinois, has succumbed to competition from a family-owned Fairbury restaurant named—McDonald's. The local restaurant opened in 1956, and since 1970 the McDonald's chain has threatened legal action if the Fairbury folks should ever overstep their bounds (by, for instance, installing a drive-through window). But when Ronald McDonald finally challenged the Fairbury family head-on, by opening a franchise in their backyard in 1992, the local folks rallied around their neighbors, forcing the franchise, which apparently never turned a profit, to close its doors.

Meanwhile, the Danish Supreme Court ruled against McDonald's in its two-year battle against a sausage stand in western Denmark named McAllan's. The Court rejected the chain's claim that McAllan's infringed upon its trademark by using the "Mc" prefix, and ordered McDonald's to pay the sausage stand's court costs. In a bold fundraising move, Rockford Institute President McAllan Carlson has announced a new publication, *McChronicles: A Magazine of Big Mac Culture*. Headquarters will be somewhere inside the Beltway.

OBITER DICTA:

Chronicles is illustrated this month by **Igor Kopelnitsky**, a Brooklyn-based Russian artist who has contributed to the *New York Times*, the *Daily News*, and the *Washington Post*. Mr. Kopelnitsky has done periodic illustrations for *Chronicles* since coming to the United States in 1990.

* * *

North Carolina poet **Ruth Moose** has contributed two new poems to this issue. The author of two collections of short stories and three collections of verse, as well as numerous stories in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Moose is the recipient of three PEN Syndicated Awards for short fiction and a North Carolina Literary Fellowship. She teaches creative writing at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

* * *

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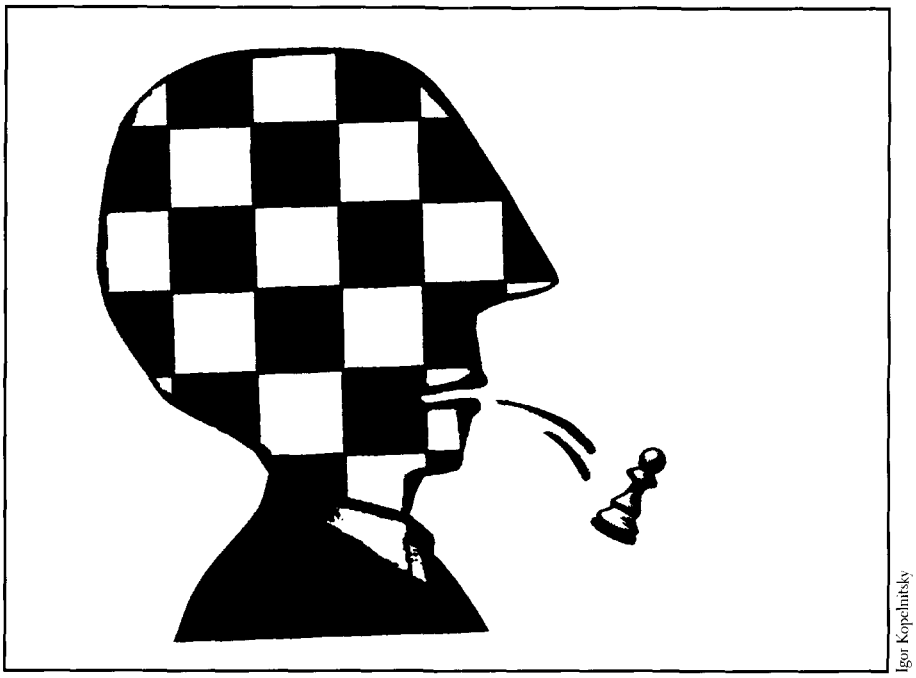

Igor Kopelnitsky

Other People

by Thomas Fleming

"I ask myself: Wouldn't I be better off, if we gave up speaking French? This is a question that my children, and everyone in Quebec should ask themselves every day." The question was not entirely rhetorical. Like many French-Canadian intellectuals, Georges favors secession but broods over the price he and his people had to pay for insisting on an independent Quebec. Although it was really none of my business, I told him that he was only asking Esau's question. Was his French birthright worth more to him than an Anglophone mess of pottage?

For the majority of French-Canadians in Quebec, the answer is unequivocally "yes," even for those who voted "*non*" in the last referendum on independence. The Québécois are an older race than either the Anglo-Canadians or the Anglo-Americans of North America, and, in some respects at least, they are haunted by the same memories that bedevil American Southerners. Quebec's national motto, printed on every license plate, might have been drafted by Mel Bradford: "*Je me souviens*," I remember. In the course of several days in Quebec just before Christmas, I met a lawyer who had voted no, because she did not like Jacques Parizeau's leftist politics, and a businessman who voted yes, but refuses to join the PQ, because it is too much part of the "establishment." I spoke with Québécois who opposed secession from Canada but only if the province could acquire virtual sovereignty over internal affairs—a position that is hardly different from that of many PQ supporters, who would like to see an independent Quebec as a member of a Canadian confederation.

Most of the formal arguments put forward by the PQ are constitutional and economic, but the real case for independence was put to me by a lady who told me that she enjoyed visiting the United States, but wherever she found herself in the rest of Canada, she knew that she was looked down on for speaking French, for being Québécois. One of the themes of Francis Parkman's histories of the French in North America is the contrast he makes between New Englanders and French Canadians: the one, outward-looking and willing to accept hardworking newcomers who would contribute to the colony; the other, inward-looking and suspicious of all those who were neither Catholic nor French. The contrast is exaggerated, but while the Yankees have long ago lost their identity, the French have maintained and strengthened theirs. They have given up their old hyphenated minority style of French-Canadians and taken on the name Québécois, making themselves the only nonhyphenated people of Canada. In their cultural island of six million Francophones, the people of Quebec have learned to be content with their anomalous condition: French speakers on an English-speaking continent.

I had not been in Quebec for 20 years, and I was once again surprised by how French the people really are: the faces, the gestures, the attitudes, the cautious manner that disguises a kind heart. Georges, who wondered if he was not paying too high a price for speaking French, insisted that apart from language the Québécois were simply North American, hardly different from the people of Ontario or of the United States. But language is not like an overcoat that we put on or take off, depending on

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the weather; it is the primary mode of being (not just expressing) who we are. To grow up speaking a language is to become a living artifact of the culture produced by the speakers of that language. An American who lives abroad long enough to learn a new language begins to realize that he can think and speak things in, say, Russian or French, that he simply cannot say in English. For generations immigrants to the United States have had to watch their children growing up as foreigners, not so much because they were adopting American customs and attitudes as because in failing to speak Italian or Polish, they could never develop the patterns of thought that would enable them to communicate with their parents.

The Québécois would like to remain who they are, and are not particularly interested in the liberal English view of fair play or reciprocity. They would not be satisfied by a single federal law guaranteeing each province the right to determine its own language. In the first place, there are millions of French-speakers in Ontario, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, and for them bilingualism is the only protection against British Canadian arrogance. More importantly, Canada is the result of an agreement between French Quebec and English Ontario. Now there are ten provinces, and by the language and theory of liberalism, the nine Anglophone provinces have the right to veto not just independence but virtually any move toward self-determination taken by Quebec. The Québécois reject the premise.

My last day in Quebec City, it is snowing, and I go with my shivering Southern friends to the Plains of Abraham, where I ruin my shoes walking the ground where Montcalm and Wolfe had their fatal encounter more than 200 years ago. On the way, we pass the Quebec parliament building, where only the *fleurs-de-lys* of French Quebec is flying, with no sign of the Maple Leaf rag. As years went by, the English were mild conquerors, perhaps because we Americans taught them a few lessons about empire in the 1770's. But there is something about the Englishman that does not like foreigners, does not see the need for their existence. General Wolfe had been at Culloden, where the hope for Scottish liberty was extinguished, and in the years after Culloden, the English practiced cultural genocide against the Scots, a game they had been playing in Ireland since the 15th century, at least. By a cruel irony, it was the Scots Highlanders who gave Wolfe his victory at Quebec. The humor of the Auld Alliance was maintained by the Chevalier Johnstone, Montcalm's Jacobite aide.

Not far from the monument to the Marquis de Montcalm, there is an equestrian statue of Joan of Arc. Joan, too, had lived under English domination, and she had rallied her people to drive out the conqueror and recover their identity. The English, not content with capturing and executing the maid, smeared her as a strumpet and burned her at the stake as a witch. In years to come, they would give Napoleon the same treatment, and British propaganda during World War I—a campaign in which many leading English writers played a shameful part—demonized the Germans as savages. Not all Englishmen have been chauvinists. When Walter Scott (albeit a Scot) wrote a fair-minded biography of Napoleon, English public opinion went along, and Thomas Hardy was not the only English writer to point out that English farmers were Anglo-Saxon kinsmen of the Germans they were told to kill. It is time for Anglo-Americans, in Canada and the United States, to make up their minds once and for all that the French are in Quebec to stay, because it is their country, and they have the right to do anything they like in it and with it, and if they want to ruin themselves with socialism, that is also their right.

In America, we talk a good game about cultural diversity, but only when it is some Third World culture that can be used to undermine the ruins of our own. In other cases—Serbs and Croats, Ulster Catholics and Ulster Protestants—we are horrified by any vigorous expression of national character. Even the Québécois, whose national party is far to the left of our own Democrats, have not been immune to the accusations of xenophobia, and when Jacques Parizeau made a completely accurate statement that Quebec would have been independent, but for the votes of immigrants and Indians, he was forced to resign as Premier of Quebec, for fear of offending international opinion. Apparently, we moderns do not like to think that there is any group from which we might be excluded. When I was a child, I went through phases of wishing I were Jewish or Greek, but in later years I began to appreciate the otherness of other people, realizing that with some hard study and an indifference to ridicule I might hope to become a welcome alien among the peoples I admired. But I also came to realize that the vain ambition to join, if only temporarily, another society was tantamount to wishing the extinction of that society. No amount of study or legal paperwork could turn me into a genuine Frenchman, and our own mass naturalizations have all the efficacy of a Moonie wedding.

Hell, according to the solipsist, is other people. The world would be a perfect place without all those aliens, those rivals for attention, who interrupt my thoughts with their greedy striving to take some bit of what is mine, with their bigoted insistence on having a perspective that is not perfectly congruent with my own. The Creator's big mistake (or should I say my mistake?) was in not leaving well enough alone, once He had created the perfect man. Eve—the original other person—spoiled the garden of Eden by introducing an alternative point of view. What the Puritan wrote in jest,

> Two paradises 'twere in one
> To live in paradise alone

solipsists can say in earnest, and some of them, not content with shutting their eyes to the reality of other people, have taken the practical step of eliminating the evidence that contradicts their point of view. Murder is the refutation of contradiction, an annihilation of the other that leaves one less first-person singular in the world.

The social analogue for solipsism can be found in all the ideologies, whether national, political, or religious, that deny existential status to their rivals. If one belongs to a master race, then all other races must be subjugated or eliminated; if progress depends on class consciousness and industrial development, as Marx and Engels believed, then the extermination of regressive nations, such as the Highland Scots or the Jews, is justifiable; and if paradise is a San Diego shopping mall, then no effort or expense should be spared in dragging less developed cultures into the global marketplace, "less developed" being an elastic term that can cover a !kung bushman, who has nothing to trade for the electronic glass-beads that multinational businessmen would like to sell him, an Albanian shepherd, who believes that it is a man's business to revenge insults to his family, or a Slavophile Russian mathematician, who, at the funeral of Russian civilization, refuses to join the dry-eyed mourners spit-

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ting on the corpse. Each of these exotic points of view—the artifacts of ancient traditions, as delicate as sculptured crystalline—must be gathered up with the old fruit jars and nonreturnable bottles of Middle America—and ground into roadbed material for the interstate highway system.

> In liberal societies there is little toleration of dissent on fundamental questions.

All modern ideologies—international socialism, national socialism, democratic globalism—are inherently genocidal, because they exclude the possibility of a legitimate alternative. This is what makes the language of American liberals and neoconservatives so frightening, their smug determination to turn the world into a hall of mirrors in which they will see nothing but their own reflection.

Any universal creed, including Christianity in its various forms, may be tempted to treat its competitors not only as inferior or illegitimate but as abominations to be eliminated. Some early Christians were naive enough to regard their pagan neighbors as demons in human form, and even Augustine—who certainly knew better—dwells lovingly on all the legendary crimes of the Romans, while ignoring the barbarities and abominations of the Old Testament. Missionaries going to convert the heathen have sometimes identified the Christian gospel with the philosophical and material culture of their native land, the greatest exception being the Jesuits who recognized that the Chinese and Japanese or even the Iroquois, in converting to Christianity, did not also have to become mock-Europeans.

Christian nations have been aggressive in proselytizing, and on occasion they have expelled or persecuted competing sects and other faiths, most often for reasons of state. It is all too true that Christian universalism, when carried to an extreme by Calvinist zealots or fanatical Catholics, is responsible for much human misery, because the zealot, in identifying his own limited point of view with that of his Creator, feels justified in going to any lengths to carry out the divine will.

It is no paradox to say that the only restraints on Christian universalism derive from Christian faith in a supernatural creator. Stripped of its belief in Heaven and Hell, in the God who became man and suffered all that a man can suffer, the Christian point of view saps ordinary human affections of their vitality and annihilates the individual as thoroughly as Buddhism or Islam. The proper name for this denatured Christianity is liberalism.

By liberalism, I mean the tradition of modern philosophy, from Montaigne and Descartes to Hobbes, Locke, and the classical liberals of the 19th century, all the way down to the libertarians and socialists whose battles over gun rights, school vouchers, and Food Stamps comprise the principal distraction from the political reality in which we live. This liberalism is based on a lie; the lie is individualism. This is not to say that liberals have not made a good case for individual rights, but even more basic to the creed of liberalism than the doctrines of natural rights is the assumption that liberals are individualists who speak for the individual and in defense of the first-person singular point of view. This is a bare-faced lie: built into the very core of liberal philosophy is a radioactive poison that rots out all peculiarities, reducing individual men and women to ciphers, erasing national frontiers, and destroying all distinctive institutions that reflect and transmit differences of culture, religion, and—for want of a better word—formation.

Even other liberals are aware that socialists despise the individual and want to grind him into the dust of social classes and oppressed minorities, but, at the other extreme, most libertarians become livid whenever some little group of individuals wants to defend its distinctive point of view against the great undifferentiated mass of hypothetical individuals.

If liberals were really individualists, they would embrace the dictum of Dr. Johnson (the greatest antiliberal of his day): "Every man has the right to speak his mind, and every other man has the right to knock him down for it." One of the most original of liberals did say something about defending to the death your right to say what he disagreed with, and another declared that error of opinion (that is, a nonliberal position) could be tolerated so long as reason (that is, liberal rationalism) was free to combat it. But, paradoxically, it is the liberals' commitment to defending other points of view that is responsible for their anti-individualism, because to privilege (in theory, of course, never in practice) all points of view is to deny all of them, except the point of view that tolerates and therefore trumps the rest.

In liberal societies there is little toleration of dissent on fundamental questions. A writer who impugns the legitimacy of a democratic regime will be declared either a fascist or an anarchist and shunned by the decent godless people who work at think tanks and live off foundation grants. In America alone, there is a long list of peoples whose points of view are treated as illegitimate: black and white separatists, Christian reconstructionists (who, if they constituted a majority, would reimpose Biblical law), people who want to wave the Stars and Bars, parents who want their children to pray in school, people who join social clubs in order to be with "their own kind," if their definition of kind involves ethnicity, sex, or religion. Milovan Djilas once said of Marxists that they wanted to eliminate all forms of property except their own, but this is only one example of a more general rule, that liberals wish to eliminate all points of view except their own.

The very heart of liberalism is the principle of indifference. A good liberal, in making ethical decisions, is supposed to look at himself and his friends from the same objective perspective from which he would view the actions of strangers. Some used the language of the impartial spectator; others have spoken of the veil of ignorance; William Godwin speaks of taking the perspective of an angel; and Thomas Nagel (echoing Godwin two centuries later) thinks we should try to view our decisions from the perspective of an extraterrestrial.

To view all humanity from the Martian point of view is to reduce human beings to the level of the microbes found in allegedly Martian rocks. From the divine (or angelic) perspective, no other point of view is tolerable. Error of opinion may *not* be tolerated, because no alternative point of view is conceivable, much less permissible.

The liberals' nonjudgmental world is a nightmare, in which mothers love all children as well as their own; where soldiers

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fight not for the honor and interest of their country but to stabilize the political situation 5,000 miles away; where the children of aliens are given privileges at the expense of the children of native-born citizens; where all the little differences of tradition—in religion, in culture, in ethnic folkways—are abolished; where men—in the name of individual rights—may marry other men and adopt male children and where parents are taxed to pay for public schools in which everything they love is derided.

If liberalism in all its political forms from Adam Smith to Karl Marx is wrong, then what is the alternative? That would be telling. It goes without saying that I have my point of view, which I regard as superior to all others—it is mine, after all. As much as I might wish to convert my friends and readers to my views on the sacraments or a commitment to Latin and Greek, I have no wish to delegitimate other perspectives (or, at least, most other perspectives). While I might pray for the conversion of the Buddhists, I most decidedly do not want them to become more like me, any more than I want women to become more like men. The multiplicity and variety of created things reflects the glory of the Creator who transcends all of them. To reduce all moral life, as Lawrence Kohlberg and John Rawls do, to the moral reasonings of white, middle-class, Euro-American males is to diminish the qualities of life.

> Glory be to God for dappled things—
> For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;
> For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim.

There are abstract and unchanging truths, as Plato once proved, mathematical and logical rules for example, but they have no meaning for us unless they are embedded in some human tradition. We can talk about love or patriotism or civic virtue all day, and we might even end up in the Leo Strauss Chair of Political Abstraction, but we know nothing important about love until we have loved someone or something, and we understand nothing of virtue until we have formed our character in practicing it. The virtues themselves are interpreted differently in different countries. Those who understand anything about natural law know that it is not a universal abstraction. Justice is not, Aristotle observes, like fire that burns the same in Persia and in Greece. It is a tendency (like right-handedness) that is colored and altered by experience.

Natural law tells us that it is right for children to honor parents; it does not tell us that Eskimos were wrong to allow aged grandparents to leave the igloo and freeze to death in order to save food for the children. A stranger in a foreign land does not have the right to an opinion on the local wine or the relative merits of political candidates. If he does open his mouth to take sides, he may find that people on the side he has chosen have turned against him. Nobody likes to have his little tastes and prejudices judged by a censor. Love me, love my dog. If I happen to prefer pistachio ice cream, no one can tell me that strawberry is better. There are standards of quality and workmanship of course, in ice cream as in art, but if I tell you I prefer Haydn to Beethoven, you had better not try to deny me the right to say that I do not or can not or may not, because I am not too old to knock you down for it.

This is the privilege of speaking in the first-person singular, but there is also the privilege of the first-person plural as in "we French," or "we Buddhists," or "we birdwatchers." Whatever privileges I demand for my point of view—the right, for example, to think my own thoughts and associate with my own kind—I must accord to others. Let the Québécois be the Québécois.

Taking the angelic or extraterrestrial perspective gives us the illusion of power—the illusion the great tempter created when he took our Lord up onto a high place—but not the reality. No matter how much we worry about human rights violations in China, famine in Africa, war in Bosnia, there is nothing practical we can do about it, unless we choose to give up our own lives (with all the commitments we have incurred) and move to China or Zaire. It is a question of leverage. Everyone knows that Archimedes said, "Give me a lever long enough, and I shall move the earth." What they sometimes forget is that Archimedes said he needed not just a lever but "a place to stand." Without a place to stand—a family, a neighborhood, a people and its language—we move nothing, we do nothing, we are nothing. The first task of a moral human being is not to play the stranger to our friends and judge the world as if we were gods; our obligation is—to use the language of Martin Luther and the Nashville Agrarians—to take our stand. We may not move the earth, but we might stiffen our backbones.

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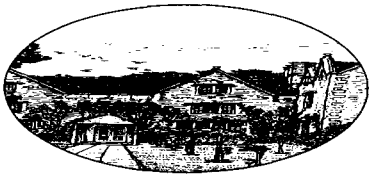

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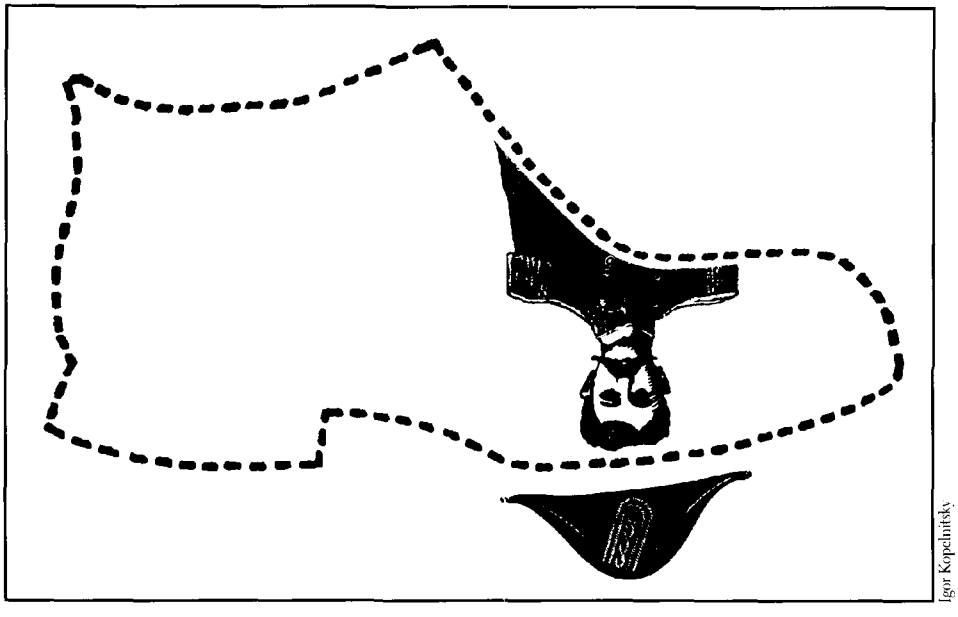
World Citizens on Main Street

by Bill Kauffman



Igor Kopelnitsky

"It's a small, small world," or so chirp the marionettes of Michael Eisner's Disney, the outfit that brought you NHL hockey in Orange County and a free Pocahontas glass with the purchase of a Happy Meal at the McDonald's in Ouagadougou, Burkina Faso.

In fact it is not a small world, at least for those of us who actually live in it, rather than on Planet Hollywood or in the never-never land of Washington-Manhattan Conservatism, where freedom's just another word for nothing, and the twin titans of the press—the Hearst and McCormick of our day—are bizarre foreigners named Rupert Murdoch and the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, a.k.a. God.

The world, in fact, is incomprehensibly large, though there are forces that would erase it with a Nike swoosh. Wendell Berry once challenged the eager beaver Birkenstock girls and backpack boys with their "Think Globally, Act Locally" pins to "look at one of those photographs of half the earth taken from outer space, and see if you recognize your neighborhood."

Global integration is a blessing, we are told, and besides, it's inevitable—it broadens the horizons of children raised by parochial parents; it forces workers to put their noses so close to the grindstone they have to breathe out of their mouths, and how wonderful for the GNP that is—but apart from microwave egg rolls I can't really see how it has enriched our town. I am not talking here about the free exchange of goods between countries, or even better, regions, which is generally a very good thing, nor do I complain about the small number of people from other states or even lands who have come to live with us in Genesee County, and be part of us. Native-born doctors refuse to practice in the hinterlands, so I'm grateful to our foreign-born physicians. Besides, without the smattering of Asians, Batavia High School would never have a valedictorian.

But internationalization—the imposition of alien practices and cultural forms on native populations—deadens our souls, saps our vitality, and leaves us with lost and alienated men and women who feel as strangers in their own land. I will speak a bit about my own town, because that's the only place in the world I can ever begin to know.

Several years ago, a large tractor factory in Batavia, which employed several hundred neighbors as well as a member of my family, was purchased by a German firm. Upon taking possession, the new German owners, displaying the puckish humor and gentle mercy for which their people are so widely loved, fired all salaried employees who were within a few years of a full pension. They did so without repercussion, for unlike the family that had once owned the factory, our Teutonic overlords were tied to Batavia only by the flimsy cord of the almighty dollar. The executioners did not have to look into the faces of 50-year-old men, good and loyal workers, solid fathers and citizens, who were handed their walking papers one week before Christmas. A couple years later, the Germans goosestepped out of

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town, leaving an empty factory and devastated lives in their wake.

At least on the way out the road signs posted the speed limit in miles, not kilometers. A little victory, by the way, which suggests myriad possibilities. The grassroots revolt against the metric system, that monstrous spawn of the Big-Government-Big Business-Big Science alliance, was beautiful and inspiring, even better than our ancestors' rejection of Esperanto. As Herbert Spencer, one of the great metric system haters of all time, put it during the English metric debate: "Ten thousand persons intend to make twenty million persons change their habits." And that is precisely the logic of globalism.

Poor Spencer's side lost, several decades after his death, but by then his people had been hopelessly corrupted by imperialism and boarding schools, the same poisons that degraded our WASP ruling class into deracinated internationalists who with blithe spirits sent their social inferiors off to die in senseless wars on behalf of the United States of Abstraction. "It is not worth the while to go round the world to count the cats in Zanzibar," as Henry Thoreau wrote, and we must remember this: that for every Mickey Kantor or Jack Kemp there are 10,000 Americans who stand with Thoreau. Among the unsung patriots of our day, my everyday heroes, are the ornery old men who speak of quarts, not liters; the refractory kids who flunk tests on their metric conversion tables; and the track officials who still stage 100-yard dashes and mile runs.

International competitiveness and national defense: the stated rationales for the metric system are the same given for seemingly every act of despoliation over the last half century. Almost every healthy manifestation of American cultural life—whether the regionalist art movement, the Iowa renaissance, the agrarian-distributist alliance—was snuffed in the worst of all decades, the 1940's, when our rulers determined that henceforth, till the end of time, an attack on a single cat in Zanzibar was tantamount to an attack on us, and our boys and our money would be sent away, far from home, to serve the Acronym of the Day. We were all Zanzibarbarians now.

It is impossible to overstate the devastation visited upon my country by the Cold War. All those 18-year-old boys from Batavia or Holley or Lime Rock, New York, who were stolen from their families and their towns and died, scared and alone, in Korea and Vietnam. Who learned, as the light went out, the sad truth that a Batavia boy had written in his diary a century earlier, as he drifted away in a Virginia hospital bed, a casualty of the Battle of the Wilderness: "Today the doctor says I must die—all is over with me—ah, so young to die."

Between the dead and the displaced, fed by the blood of hundreds of thousands of nonwhite people who had to die so that Strange Robert McNamara could have nightmares in his Aspen chalet, the Cold War also gave us the National System of Interstate and Defense Highways, which wasted our money and destroyed local patterns of life and commerce; such abominations as statehood for Hawaii and Alaska, the National Endowment for the Arts, and the Holy Meter; and the first major federal assault on education—the National Defense Education Act.

As a boy I attended John Kennedy Elementary School, which was named, I am pleased to say, not for Angie Dickinson's paramour but rather for the turn-of-the-century superintendent of Batavia schools, a self-consciously Important Man who wrote books on orthography and the "Batavia System" of instruction.

Kennedy was sober and pompous; he merited, I am sure, every "Kick Me" sticker that irreverent wits pinned to his back, but still, he was ours, and a buckram symbol of an age in which Batavians might still organize their own schools and draw up their own curriculum. He was a fanatic on the matter of teaching local history, for as he wrote in his history of the Holland Land Office: "Grandfather's chair may be a very humble piece of furniture, but it is prized beyond all price because it is grandfather's chair."

Despite the noble efforts of many terrific teachers, grandfather's chair is not much more than kindling today, as textbooks tell of the magnificence and victimhood of every group of grandfathers but our own. Our 13-year-olds can name the president of South Africa, but don't know the words to "Fifteen Miles on the Erie Canal." It'd be nice if they knew both, but given that they live 15 miles from the Erie Canal and 8,000 miles or one TV screen—which is even farther—from Pretoria, one bit of knowledge is essential to their citizenship and the other is useless, rather like being able to list the films of Robby Benson.

The New York State legislature mandated not long ago that all schoolchildren in our state be enlightened by "holocaust education." The Nazi extermination of European Jews was a ghastly and diabolical episode, but since when is it more important to our children than their own history? Now Governor Mario Pataki has signed a bill requiring all districts to teach the Irish potato famine, and soon the school year will be wall-to-wall genocide studies, September to June—with the Indians, the only victims who have a legitimate claim upon our time, getting the short end of the stick, as they always have.

So what we end up with is our children being taught the pain and suffering of every people on earth while they learn *nothing* of their own history: our kids should be getting James Fenimore Cooper and Red Jacket and Grover Cleveland—indeed, if Albany rededicated Martin Luther King Day as Harriet Tubman Day, in honor of our neighbor from Auburn, then I'd be all for it—but none of this can happen if the history of foreigners comes to mean more to a people than their own history.

Our children are as flies to the Worldwide Web, trapped in the computers that state mandates and the lobbyists of the computer-industrial complex are hard-driving down our throats. And why? So we can educate our boys and girls to be interchangeable parts in a vast impersonal—antipersonal—machine. So they can die for Microsoft. And here I might add, contra Bob Dole's ventriloquists, thank God for the teachers' unions. They stand and fight with us, with the defenders of local control, on issue after issue: opposed to school consolidation, opposed to year-round schooling, opposed to national teaching standards, and dead-set against the apple of every Robo-Con's eye, school vouchers.

"Ere long, thine every stream shall find a tongue, land of the many waters!" exulted the antebellum New York poet Charles Fenno Hoffman. But globalism acknowledges no streams, just a single world-encompassing ocean in which all local flavor, color, even sin, is drowned.

In Batavia, we once had our very own legendary madam, a lady named Edna, who for decades kept a famous brothel on Jackson Street. Edna was the city's most generous philanthropist: she endowed the orphanage that occupied the former home of our railroad baron Dean Richmond; she paid the medical bills of many of our town's poor; she quietly distributed

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dolls and baseball gloves and toys to children of indigent parents every Christmas. Prodded by bluenoses—usually transient Protestant ministers—the cops had to raid her once or twice a year, but she was always forewarned by her friends in the police department.

Edna's is long gone; lechery, too, has been abstracted, made unreal. Next door to Edna's old place is Batavia's first X-rated video store and vendor of what used to be so charmingly known as "marital aids." So rather than disport with the local doxies the boys can stop by after work and pick up a video filmed in the province of Mexico called Los Angeles, and make like Graham Parker: "I pretend to touch and you pretend to feel."

Plenty of the guys already have their applications in at what will soon be one of Batavia's biggest employers, the new Immigration and Naturalization Service holding center that our congressman, a callow Bosnia hawk and PAC-aholic and Gingrich boytoy named Bill Paxon, has obtained for us. As if the Attica prison revolt of 1971 did not leave a jagged enough scar: now we can look forward to playing jailer to frightened and angry Haitians who will slit our throats at the first chance. Prisons and waste dumps: the growth industries on Main Street in the Age of Clinton and Dole. And even the prisoners and the waste have to be imported.

At this point I should bemoan the globalization—thus the negation—of local art and thought, but I won't. I should affirm that wonderful line by Morrissey, the Oscar Wilde of postpunk English music:

> We look to Los Angeles for the language we use
> London is dead, London is dead, London is dead.

But I can hardly claim virginity in these matters, knowing, as I do, the words to the theme songs from both *The Brady Bunch* and *The Partridge Family*. And besides, though I yield to no man in my hatred of French sex comedies, they are not the problem. As a gal from Northern Virginia once said, "I know the problem is me."

Like the old men who resist going metric, we have it within our power to nurture 1,001 little regional revivals. Like the old paper-rock-scissors game, one handful of dirt trumps an entire globe. We are in the position of Edward Eggleston, the Indiana novelist of the 1870's, who wrote: "It has been in my mind since I was a Hoosier boy to do something toward describing life in the back country districts of the western states. It used to be a matter of no little jealousy with us, I remember, that the manners, customs, thoughts, and feelings of New England country people filled so large a place in books, while our life, not less interesting, not less romantic, and certainly not less filled with humorous and grotesque material, had no place in literature. It was as though we were shut out of good society."

Instead of whining about New England's hegemony or plotting the assassination of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Eggleston wrote *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, and we ought to follow his example. Every Main Street and Oak Street and Elm Street deserves its own record, its own poem, and the lack thereof is not the fault of Sumner Redstone or David Geffen or Boutros Boutros-Ghali, however horrid these men and their playthings may be. Good old Ed Howe understood that "in every town there is material for the great American novel so long expected, but no one appears to write it."

The tools of our regeneration are at our feet, if we'd just take a minute to look down. "Art, although potentially universal in significance, is always more or less local in inception," as Grant Wood wrote. Wood painted "American Gothic" for his muse and murals for the amusement of Cedar Rapids businessmen: the perfect synthesis of art and life on Main Street. He did so at the same time Henry Luce and the American Centurians wanted their uppercase *Life* to replace our lowercase lives, and yet we endure. Our own historical society recently put together a wonderful exhibit of the work of Batavia's own Grant Wood, the naturalist Roy Mason, kind of a Winslow Homer without the p.r. agent; Mason supported himself by painting calendar art for the Family Liquor Center and the Baker Gun Company, among others. My lawyer, my dentist, my car repairman, my barber, the guys who fixed our roof, and so on, are all kids my brother and I played ball with or went to school with, and if this is possible in as devastated a place as Batavia then I can't help but feel optimistic about the prospects for an American revival. The ingredients are still there for us.

The great Edward Abbey called his classic *Desert Solitaire* "a tombstone . . . a bloody rock," and he advised readers to "throw it at something big and glassy." But though some may "love the sound of breaking glass," as a reprobate Englishman once confessed, after the brick shatters the window all you get are shards in the yard and splinters in your feet and a mess to clean up. Rocks and bricks are no match for the tanks and bombs and organized hatreds that prop up the state. The colossi of globalism—Disney, the U.N., Time Warner—are impregnable against conventional weapons anyway, but just as H.G. Wells slew the invading Martians with "the humblest things that God, in His wisdom, has put upon this earth," so must we preserve our homes, our streets, our towns, with acts of recovery, restoration, and resurrection, and the seed, the prayer—our only prayer—is love. c

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Telling Stories in the New Age

by David Hackett Fischer

Igor Kopelnitsky

Thank you for this honor, and for this very handsome prize. It means all the more because I am privileged to share it with Richard Wilbur. [Editor's note: Richard Wilbur was the 1996 recipient of The Ingersoll Foundation's T.S. Eliot Award for Creative Writing.] I have long admired the art and craft and wisdom of his poetry.

A good part of this prize should also be shared with Paul Revere, who never got an award, and had trouble even collecting his travel expenses. He deserves something, not only for making all those many rides, but also for giving us the story of the midnight ride, which came first from his pen.

As I was telling that story, I often thought of the German pianist Walter Schnabel who once said of Beethoven's sonatas that "this music is greater than it can ever be played." That's the way I think about my books *Paul Revere's Ride* and *Albion's Seed*. The stories of American history are better than they can ever be told. Thank you for this encouragement to storytelling.

Today I'd like to tell another story about the books that you have honored, and especially about *Albion's Seed*. It has had a strange career, which is full of clues for happenings beyond the book itself.

The book began as a historian's inquiry, very much in the spirit of Herodotus (in ancient Greek, "history" meant inquiry). *Albion's Seed* was a search for the origins of an opening society in what is now the United States. After many years of reading and reflection, I found an answer to that question in four great migrations of English-speaking people to America, from 1629 to 1775. They came in four great waves, sharply defined in time and space. The first was New England's Puritan migration of 20,000 people, mostly families of middling rank and a strong Calvinist faith who came mainly from eight counties in the east of England in the period 1629-40. The second was a movement of a small Cavalier elite and large numbers of indentured servants from the south of England to Virginia (1640-75). The third was the Friends' migration of Quakers and other Pietists from the north midlands of England and Wales to the Delaware Valley (1675-1725). The fourth and largest was a flight from the Borderlands of North Britain and northern Ireland to the American Backcountry (1717-75).

These four groups had much in common—the English language, their strong Protestant faith, and their fierce pride in British liberties. But they were profoundly different in other ways: in their dialects and religious denominations; in the way that they built their houses and raised their children; in their attitudes toward work and play, love and death. Most important, they had very different ideas of order, power, and especially freedom. *Albion's Seed* is about four distinctive cultures of freedom that were transplanted to the New World and took root in what is now the United States. America's diversity stemmed from this regional pluralism of American life, and the interaction of these four cultures gave rise to a libertarian system that was more free and open than any of them alone had been or wished to be.

None of this seemed controversial to me when I began to write it in 1986. The book was first drafted in the quiet of an Oxford college. Much of the research had been done when we were living in an idyllic East Anglican village. Most people I grew up with agreed entirely with its findings. In my origins I am an American mongrel of the most common variety—part Anglo, part Saxon—a mix of German and English ancestry. I had been a small child during World War II, ten years old when the war ended. As part of that generation, I was raised in the shadow of great historical events, in a moment when the "special relationship" was very strong and everyone was talking of

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Anglo-American unity. When I was very young, I was taken on board Winston Churchill's flying boat, which was moored in Baltimore harbor. I still remember the sight of a huge flying bedstead of Churchillian proportions. From such moments, careers are made. I also remember the British seamen who were invited into our house, and told us tales of events they had witnessed. Every Christmas we were given red boxes of Britain's soldiers, and my parents talked at the table about books such as Clarence Streit's *Union Now with Britain*. We went to events that were sponsored by the English Speaking Union. Shortly after the war, when the Band of the Black Watch visited the Fifth Regiment Armory, my brother and I were cheering from the bleachers. My mother was one of the first female undergraduates at Johns Hopkins. She majored in English literature, and my brother and I were raised on Tennyson and Shelley.

The world of my upbringing was strongly Anglophile, and very conscious of its colonial origins. All of my books grew from those beginnings. Even after we moved north to a city that is mostly Irish Catholic, and I began to teach at a university that is Jewish in its sponsorship, I was so secure in my Anglo-Saxon attitudes that I did not expect *Albion's Seed* to be controversial. Perhaps it would not have been so, had it been published only a few years earlier.

But the book appeared in 1989, coinciding with two movements that suddenly were very strong in the universities and maybe stronger in the mass media—multiculturalism and political correctness. When my book appeared, it generally received positive reviews. But in academe a book that argued for the importance of having been English was not thought to be politically correct. A book that gave much attention to themes of continuity from past to present was not thought to be historically correct. A book that centered on the determinant power of individual choice was not thought to be ontologically correct.

Albion's Seed was no sooner launched than it sailed into a sea of controversy. I had no idea of the depth of feeling until death threats began to arrive. They were crudely lettered, anonymous, and always postmarked in university towns. One of the death threats had footnotes. The FBI and the Postal Inspector said they had never seen a death threat with footnotes.

This went on for several years. Academic symposia were organized on the book. Young colleagues invited me with high ceremony, took turns in reviling the book, then took me to dinner, and assured me it was nothing personal. I replied with more research, in the naive hope that evidence might persuade them. I also reminded my critics they were responding to an argument for the importance of having been English, and for the cultural persistence of the past, by heaping old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon epithets upon my head. I suggested that it would have been more consistent and multicultural of them if they abused me in Algonkian or Swahili. This made no impression. Multiculturalism often means a settled hostility to one culture in particular.

At first I thought it was mainly that sort of controversy—an ethnic issue, linked to the changing composition of my profession and our nation. The Census Bureau now makes periodic surveys of ethnic origins. It has found that only about 18 percent of Americans think they have any British ancestors at all. There is some question about the accuracy of these self-reported surveys. When Americans are asked who their ancestors may have been, 10 percent are recorded as having no opinion. Some don't know. Others won't say, or insist that they are Americans. More than a few told the census taker that their ancestors are none of the government's business. The largest number of people who say these things live in the Southern highlands, and other places where most people are of British origin. Perhaps as many as 25 percent of Americans are at least partly of British descent, but still a very small minority. I thought at first that this was what it was about—a collision of ethnic identities. In some degree it was so, but some of my fiercest critics were themselves of Anglo-Saxon origin. Clearly something else was going on.

I also believed that much of the controversy rose from differences of ideology. In my own politics I am a little to the left of center, which presently puts me on the far right of academe. This was clearly a factor in the response to my book. But here again, some of my critics were not very far from my own political opinions. Something more was at issue.

Another clue appeared in the 1990's. The controversy continued for several years. Then even stranger things began to happen to my book. Suddenly, the tone began to change. To my amazement, some of the most outspoken critics began to praise what was in the book, even in print, without any apparent sense of inconsistency. Sales of the book began to increase, at a time in the publishing cycle when most books move the other way. The contents of the book had not changed. Something else was happening, apart from the book itself.

It seemed increasingly clear that the academic controversy over *Albion's Seed* was not so much ethnic or ideological, but generational in its origin. I began to notice that most of my critics were of a generation very different from my own. If World War II was the defining public event on my youth, another American generation was shaped by the experience of Vietnam and Watergate. We differed not merely in our answers, but our questions. I wanted to know how and why an open society worked in America. My critics demanded to know why it was not more open. Their passion persuaded me that in fact the opening-process is still going on, and the older questions are still sound. But they had a different point of view.

Now, the generation of Vietnam is graying rapidly. Their children are coming to the university, and we are beginning to see a third generation who have been defined by other historical events such as the collapse of the Soviet Union, the revival of liberal democracy around the world, and our persistent problems at home.

This new generation has a different set of attitudes toward history. In the mid-1990's, at the same time that academic attitudes were changing yet again on *Albion's Seed*, I began to notice that other changes were happening in the writing and teaching of history—mostly changes for the better. One would never know about them by reading the newspapers, which give us the bad news from academe. Journalistic coverage of my discipline has tended to center on reports that young people don't know much about history, and on the battle over the new History Standards that the Senate condemned by a vote of 99 to one, and on the controversies at the Smithsonian.

Other things are also happening in the historiographical world. Journalists who cover the universities are largely unaware of them. The first signs appeared in the classroom. In the late 1980's, enrollment in history courses began to grow. The number of history majors also began to increase. They had been shrinking since the late 1960's. During the late 1980's these

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numbers began to rise further, and they have been rising ever since. At Yale and Brown and Princeton and Williams, history has become the most popular undergraduate major, replacing economics and politics. The *Digest of Education Statistics* shows that the number of history degrees has been increasing throughout the nation for more than a decade.

Part of the cause is a new approach to learning that students have worked out for themselves. It takes the form of multiple majoring. A few students did that years ago. Now many are doing it. In growing numbers, they tend to elect two majors, or various major-minor combinations. One major is usually vocational. Another is apt to be in the arts and sciences. History is one of those choices, and it is gaining popularity today.

Another indicator of change is to be found in the work that college faculties are doing. We have been seeing a very rapid growth of historical scholarship outside history departments. The American Political Science Association is divided into, I think, six fields. One of them, called politics and history, is now the second largest, and growing at a great rate. Something similar has happened in economics, where two econometric historians recently won the Nobel Prize. In the social sciences much scholarship is now historical—a major shift from only a few decades ago. In philosophy one of the most flourishing fields is the history of ideas. In my own university half the faculty in humanities and arts departments are historians. Most of our programs in area studies are run by historians. In short, history is being written and taught in many academic departments or programs. Increasingly the work that is being done in many other disciplines is very similar—even indistinguishable—to what is done within history departments.

Other signs of growing interest in history come from the nation at large. Attendance is up at historical sites. At Minuteman National Historic Park in Concord, visitors were up 25 percent last year. In Boston, some $20 million will be spent refurbishing the Freedom Trail. Attendance at most of its historic sites is up too, after a long period of stagnation and decline. New York's Ellis Island has been a great success, and is thronged with visitors.

Another sign of change is the return of serious works of historical scholarship to the best-seller lists, after a long absence. I think of David Donald's biography of Abraham Lincoln, James McPherson on the Civil War, and Stephen Ambrose's book on Lewis and Clark, all excellent works of historical scholarship, solidly grounded in primary research.

Yet another sign is that Hollywood is taking an interest. We are seeing a growing number of historical films, and better films. Some have not been successful: Hester Prynne with a hot tub and a happy ending. Others have succeeded wonderfully well as history and drama. Alan Bennett's and Nicholas Hytner's *Madness of King George* and Bruce Beresford's *Black Robe* were two outstanding examples of many recent films that have interpreted historical issues with high sensitivity and growing success.

More signs appear in television: the continuing strength of the American Experience series on PBS, and the success of Ken Burns' superb series on the Civil War. The new History Channel has surprised the executives of cable companies, and disrupted their projections by the breadth of its appeal.

Artists in many fields are increasingly finding inspiration in historical approaches. I think of postmodern architects who have turned away from the international style, and toward historical materials in the postmodernist movement. In music, American composers are moving on parallel lines. Examples are the operas of John Adams (*Nixon in China*, *The Death of Klinghoffer*); the quartets of Steve Reich, which are scored for historical materials (*Different Trains*); and the orchestral compositions of William Bolcom, Arnold Rosner, and John Harbison.

These tendencies reverse the trends that were very strong in the 1950's, 60's, 70's, and even 80's. Only a few years ago, we were getting books called *The End of History*, *The Death of History*, *The Edge of History*. Now many disciplines are moving in a different direction.

Something's happening here: a turning of the cultural tide, a movement broadly based, largely unreported, and yet very strong and sustained. Part of it may be caused by historical events in the past decade, and especially the sudden collapse of one of the world's superpowers, and the revolution in Eastern Europe. Other events of every passing day are reminders that history is happening to us. Another (and related) cause may be the collapse of intellectual systems that were nonhistorical or even antihistorical. I think of the international style in architecture, and the decline of various atemporal schools of thought in social science. And a third factor may be a change in the way that history is being written. We've been through the old political history and the new social history, which is now 30 years old. New opportunities are now emerging from the creative union of these two schools. The best history writing today keeps the breadth and comprehension of social history and combines it with the rigor and control and sharpness of edge in the old political history. With that, historians are recovering confidence, and writing and speaking with a clearer voice.

They are also writing on different themes. One theme of high importance in *Albion's Seed*, is about continuity in history. In the 1960's and 70's, most great problems in history were change-problems. Many centered on an idea of discontinuity in history, which encouraged a sense of distance between the present and the past. Social historians liked to speak of the past as another country—a foreign country. In the process, they encouraged a sense of its remoteness, and even its irrelevance to those who live in the present. The new approaches are better balanced in this respect.

Other new themes rise from a recovery of a sense of contingency in history. Many of us are writing about contingency today. We do it in different ways. James McPherson's books on the Civil War center on contingencies in the sense of turning points. Stephen Jay Gould constructs his book on the Burgess Shale Fossils around an idea of contingency in the sense of accidents that turned the course of evolution. My book *Paul Revere's Ride* is about contingency in the sense of people making choices, and choices making a difference. Only a few years ago, social history was mostly about large determinant processes that denied the possibility of choice. In the history that's being done today, contingencies are set within those large processes. It is a more accurate understanding of the way in which history actually happened. It also creates better stories and brighter prospects for storytelling in general.

History, in sum, is flourishing today. For all of this, we owe a debt to The Ingersoll Foundation, which by its existence and its acts has kept alive an idea that the past lives in us today, that others have walked this earth before us. You helped to nourish these beliefs in a time when they most needed support. For all of that and for this award, thank you.

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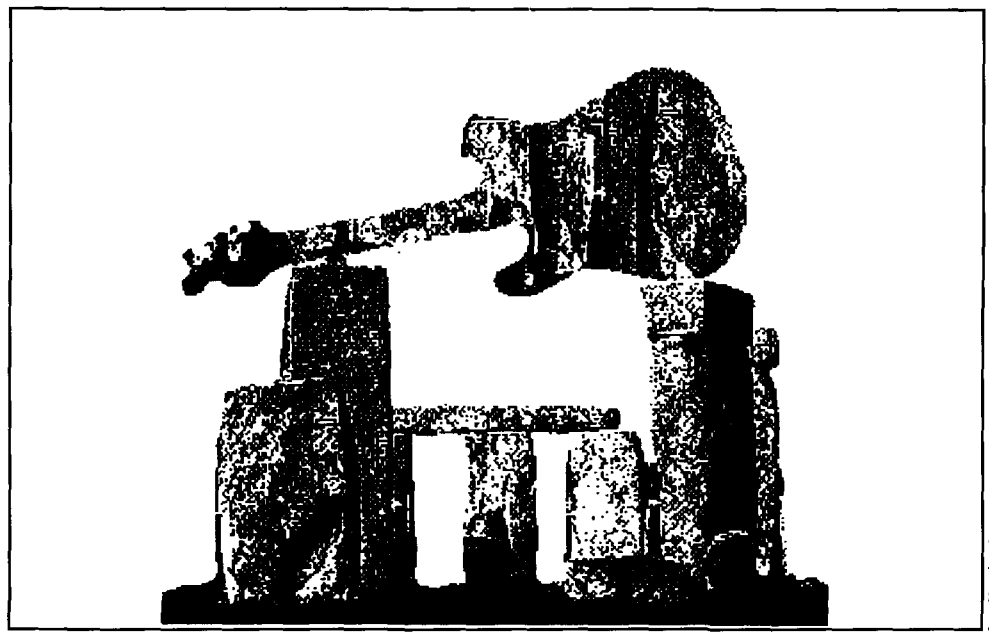
The Muswell Hillbilly

by Jesse Walker

"There was a time when it was hip to write about Route 66; I was writing about a suburban street in London. I didn't envisage my music ever being heard anywhere else."

—Ray Davies



Igor Kopelnitsky

It begins, as most rock songs do, with a riff. There is an organ in the background, and a rapidly strumming acoustic guitar. The riff repeats. It has a countryish flavor, as does the voice that then chimes in, despite the singer's obvious English accent:

> Well, I said good-bye to Rosie Rooke this morning
> I'm gonna miss her bloodshot, alcoholic eyes
> She wore her Sunday hat so she'd impress me
> I'm gonna carry her memory 'til the day I die

The voice belongs to Raymond Douglas Davies of Muswell Hill, England, the frontman and primary songwriter of the Kinks. It was 1964 when his band had its first hit, the seminal rocker "You Really Got Me." Since then, they've been through almost all the changes—from rock opera to, er, MTV—but no one has ever mistaken them for trendchasers. Indeed, few bands have ever seemed so bent on staying out of step with their peers, with occasional stops back in the Top 40 every five or ten years.

Their early hits were loud, raw singles powered by the guitar of Ray's younger brother, Dave; without them, there may well have been no punk revolution a decade later. Then came a series of quieter, satiric songs—"A Well-Respected Man," "Dedicated Follower of Fashion"—obvious but fairly funny takes on the foibles of the superficial. Had the band broken up then, that's how they would be remembered: four proto-Ramones who took a sudden turn toward Randy Newman territory at the end. Instead, Davies' songwriting deepened, and there came a flurry of witty, well-observed snapshots of ordinary people's lives, each taken from an angle few had considered before. Though *snapshots* may not be the best word, as Davies distrusted photography:

> People take pictures of the summer
> Just in case someone thought they had missed it
> And to prove that it really existed . . .
>
> People take pictures of each other
> And the moment to last them forever
> Of the time when they mattered to someone
>
> A picture of me when I was just three
> Sucking my thumb by the old oak tree
> How I love things as they used to be
> Don't show me no more, please

Motifs began to emerge. There were political songs, voicing the complaints of every nonruling class under the English sun,

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from upper-middle ("The taxman's taken all my dough / And left me in this stately home . . . All I've got's this sunny afternoon") to *lumpen* ("I've got no home, I've got no money / But who needs a job when it's sunny?"). There were songs of odd beauty, like "Waterloo Sunset," with its unexpected declaration that paradise consists of watching dusk fall over London's Waterloo Station—by most non-British accounts, one of the ugliest sights in the world. There were songs defending the particular, be it individualist and extraordinary ("I'm Not Like Everybody Else," "Misfits") or communal and ordinary:

I like my football on a Saturday
Roast beef on Sundays, all right
I go to Blackpool for my holidays
Sit in the open sunlight

This is my street, and I'm never going to leave it
And I'm always going to stay here
If I live to be ninety-nine
'Cause all the people I meet
Seem to come from my street
And I can't get away
Because it's calling me: "Come on home"

"Come on home"—another Davies theme. There were the disappointing vacations of "Holiday in Waikiki" and "Holiday." There were the lonely rock tours of "Motorway," "Sitting in My Hotel," and "The Road." There were tales of young men (in "Village Green") and young women (in "Polly" and "Big Black Smoke") who left their villages, only to miss the smaller world they left behind. And there were tales of those who were forcibly removed from their homes, to be sent overseas to die in some politician's war ("Yes Sir, No Sir," "Some Mother's Son"); or whose homes were forcibly removed from them. Which brings us back to that riff, that voice, and those bloodshot, alcoholic eyes. The song is "Muswell Hillbilly," the final cut on the band's best album, *Muswell Hillbillies* (1971). The narrator is being uprooted, his neighborhood redeveloped, long before the singer was born—

They'll move me up to Muswell Hill tomorrow
Photographs and souvenirs are all I've got
They're gonna try to make me change my way of living
But they'll never make me something that I'm not . . .

They'll try to make me study elocution
Because they say my accent isn't right
They can clear the slums as part of their solution
But they're never gonna kill my cockney pride

—leaving the singer to dream of a past he never experienced but faintly remembers; a past he thinks he recognizes in garbled images of America:

I'm a Muswell Hillbilly boy
But my heart lies in old West Virginia
Never seen New Orleans, Oklahoma, Tennessee
Still I dream of those Black Hills that I ain't never seen . . .

Though my hills are not green, I've seen them in my dreams
Take me back to those Black Hills that I ain't never seen

Muswell Hillbillies is a dark album. It depicts an England in which liberty and community have been almost completely effaced, leaving Davies' characters isolated and confused ("I'm too terrified to walk out of my own front door . . . I've got acute schizophrenia, paranoia too"), powerless before the authorities ("I was born in a welfare state, ruled by bureaucracy / Controlled by civil servants, and people dressed in grey"), left to live in dreams manufactured by others:

She lives in a house that's near decay
Built for the industrial revolution
But in her dreams she is far away
In Oklahoma, U.S.A.
With Shirley Jones and Gordon McRea
As she buys her paper at the corner shop
She's walkin' on the surrey with the fringe on top

This is the totally administered society of the Frankfurt School—in Davies' words, "the mechanical nightmare." But there is hope, perhaps even salvation, in little traditions ("Have a Cuppa Tea") and inchoate but angry insurgence ("Muswell Hillbilly"). Davies' respect for the traditional emerges even in the musical genres he deploys on the album—shards of country, of blues, of old music-hall styles, of ancient jazz. "Bless you, Uncle Son / We won't forget you when the revolution comes."

Those little signs of life figure prominently in Davies' most recent project, *The Storyteller: An Evening with a Twentieth Century Man*. This began as a simple series of readings from Ray's "unauthorized autobiography," X-Ray, and gradually evolved into a well-honed one-man show. (Two-man, if you include Ray's accompanist, guitarist Pete Mathison.) It includes songs, of course—some old hits, some unjustly neglected album tracks, some other artists' tunes (at one point, Davies croons his way through "That Old Black Magic"), and some new pieces written specifically for the program. And between the songs, there are stories, about Davies' childhood and adolescence and the band's early days. Listening to Davies, it's clear that Muswell Hill isn't just the bureaucratic fiefdom of *Muswell Hillbillies*, but a unique place with a particular culture after all—a culture centered, from young Ray's point of view, in the front room of his parents' home, "where everything important happened."

"An evening with . . ." usually signifies a figure at the end of his career, mining his name for some easy and undeserved dollars: one thinks of the final scene of *Raging Bull*, or the pointless *Evening with Groucho* album that occasionally creeps into one's local used-record pile. *The Storyteller* rises above that, especially when taken together with *X-Ray* and the newest Kinks album, *To the Bone*, with its reinterpretations of older Kinks songs. Davies isn't living in his past. He's returning to his roots, and finding, to crossbreed clichés, that those early creative wells have not yet run dry.

Nor have those early concerns. If it's wrong to wipe a house or a neighborhood from the map, imagine all the homes and neighborhoods that would be lost if an entire nation were erased. In 1973, the Kinks were invited to play a special "Fanfare for Europe" concert honoring the United Kingdom's entry into the Common Market. And since Ray, as he put it in *The Storyteller*, "could give a toss for the Common Market," the

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band performed a selection of songs from their 1968 album *The Village Green Preservation Society* and their then-forthcoming rock opera *Preservation*. Songs such as "Salvation Road":

Hear me brothers, hear me sisters
Citizens and comrades, hear my song
The old life's dead, the order's changing
It's time for all of us to move along

Got no time to live a life with old worn-out traditions
Swallowed my pride, changed my ways
And found a new religion . . .

Goodbye youth, goodbye dreams
The good times and the friends I used to know
Goodbye freedom, hello fear
A brave new world has suddenly appeared . . .

And we'll all join hands
And we'll all march along
And we'll all mark time as we go
Yes, we'll all walk along
And we'll all sing a song
As we walk down Salvation Road

The European Economic Community survived the affront.

By the 1980's, the band was increasingly concerned that, in Dave Davies' words, "there's no England now." With 1989 came the anti-Thatcher, anti-EC *U.K. Jive*, an angry album bearing a burning Union Jack on its cover. Artistically speaking, it wasn't one of the group's better efforts, but it was unmistakably shot through with Ray and Dave's anger at the direction their country was taking. (Well, almost unmistakably. One track, "Down All the Days to 1992," was adopted by some irony-challenged EC bureaucrats as the European Commission's unofficial theme song.) In 1992 itself, the Kinks performed at Fete d'Humanité, a communist-sponsored anti-European festival in Paris. By this time, Ray was also writing *X-Ray*, half memoir and half science fiction, a book that posits a totalitarian world in which all nations have merged into a single corporation, in which "a country called England" is only a fading memory.

But such visions, like those of *Muswell Hillbillies*, are affectations, exaggerations. A man like Davies, able to discern beauty even in a dirty, crowded train station, need never search long for small signs of vitality. "They're trying to build a computerized community," he sang in "Muswell Hillbilly." "But they'll never make a zombie out of me." So far, he's right.

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In the Botanical Gardens, Washington, D.C.

by Ruth Moose

In the Botanical Gardens
water is forced up
to fall anywhere
within the blue tiled pool.
But the Banyon Tree is restrained,
globed with wire and kept aloof.
Tourists go in rows
maintain polite distance,
a shared warmth of place, time.
One carries a teddy bear
in her pink backpack
while the child reaches
up to feel rain that has found
a crack in the glass
and ticks in like a thief
from the world outside.
A three-piece-suited son
comes to call for his father
who's been waiting on the bench
thumbing the *Post*. My real estate
agent strolls leisurely by
admiring plants. A pigeon
comes after, then a cousin,
but I don't know her. Red hearted
Caladiums nod to the paisley
skirt of my favorite grade school
teacher. She hasn't aged a minute.
Her brief case of burgundy leather
bulges with papers to grade; some
are mine in math. Nothing has
changed. I still can't add
up my life and get it
right.

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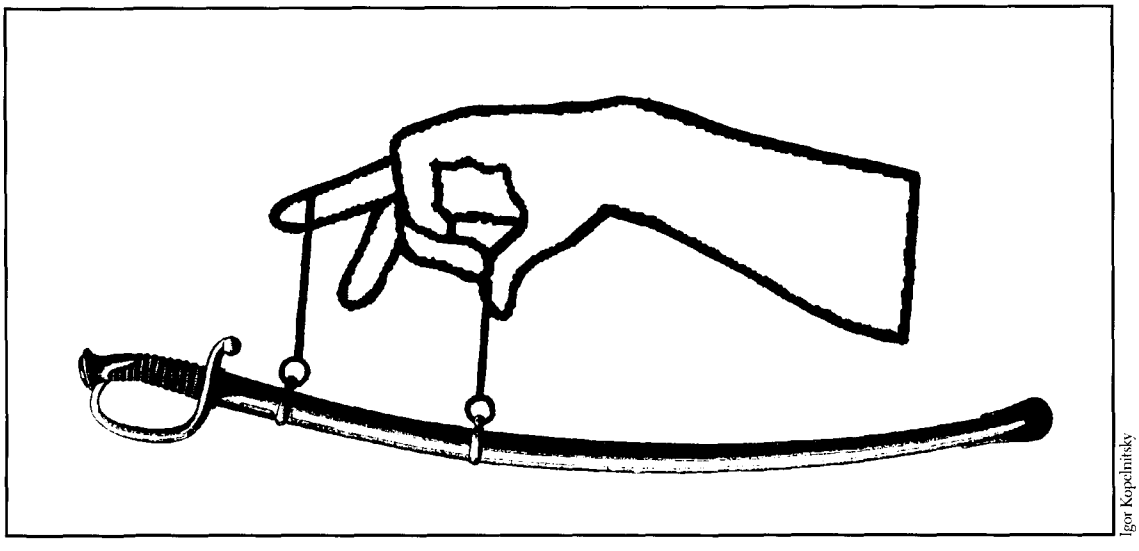
The South and the New Reconstruction

by Michael Hill



Igor Kopelnitsky

Atlanta, the self-styled "capital of the New South" and the host of the annual debauchery known as "Freaknik," was a natural to host the 1996 Olympics. The quadrennial event has become a giant block party to celebrate the smiley-face aspects of the New World Order: universal brotherhood, multiculturalism, diversity, and tolerance. But amidst the revelry and self-congratulation, the "City Too Busy To Hate" has discovered a target for its pent-up indignation: the Old South.

The 1996 Centennial Olympics revealed the dichotomy between the two Souths. On the one hand, the New South greeted the gathering of the world's tribes with its usual boasting and civic boosterism. On the other, the Old South viewed the garish pagan spectacle in much the same way it views the annual descent of the sandals-and-black-socks crowd from Ohio—as an aggravation to be borne until it goes away.

In order to spare the feelings of international visitors, the Atlanta city fathers and ACOG (the Atlanta Committee for the Olympic Games) went all out to banish every vestige of the Old Confederacy, including the Georgia state flag, which contains in its design the Confederate battle flag. A resident of Crawfordville, the home of CSA vice president Alexander H. Stephens, told me that when a vanload of federal bureaucrats came to scout out Liberty Hall as a potential Olympic tourist site, several of them refused to go inside, and one spat on a monument to "Little Aleck," calling him a "honky racist." Needless to say, politically incorrect Liberty Hall was not put on the official Olympic pilgrimage.

But traditional Southerners fought the international octopus in their own small ways. A lawsuit was filed against the Atlanta suburb of Roswell, which forced the city to allow Confederate reenactors to march in a parade escorting the Olympic flame. In the rural north Alabama hamlet of Battleground, named in honor of General Nathan Bedford Forrest's victory at Day's Gap in 1863, city officials were asked to remove the battleflag that waves over the volunteer fire station on Highway 159 so as not to offend the bearer of the sacred flame. The local Bubbas reacted by hoisting two additional flags over the roadside plaque commemorating Forrest's triumph. "Them 'lympic folks ain't gonna tell us what to do," one retorted.

Why have loyal Southerners come under such heavy fire from the New World Order's artillery? In part, I think, because the traditional South is seen as the world's largest (and maybe the last) bastion of historic Christianity, the last "infamy" to be wiped out. Southern Christians (the Southern Baptist leadership perhaps excepted) see in Biblical scripture the mandate for a hierarchical society in which modern egalitarian notions have no place, and they view the scattering of the nations at the Tower of Babel as an indictment against the United Nations. The Bible is also one of the sources of the Southern view of the nation as an organic expression of loyalty to kith and kin. The impersonal modern state, like the universal rights of man it is supposed to protect, derives from the delusion of human perfectibility. The Southern identity—largely Anglo-Celtic—is not dedicated to any proposition; it is bound up in that vast memory of the blood captured so well in Stark Young's *So Red the Rose*. Young's protagonist, Hugh McGehee, tells his son as he sends him off to join the Confederate Army: "It's not to our credit to think we began today and it's not to our glory to think we end today. All through time we keep coming into the shore like waves—like waves. You stick to your blood, son; there's

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a fierceness in blood that can bind you up with a long community of life."

The social and political ideals of the traditional South contrast markedly with those of the North, and especially New England. While the Southerner held fast to Biblical inerrancy, allegiance to place and kin, patriotism, local self-government, and social hierarchy, the Yankee embraced individual conscience, universalism, nationalism, centralism, and egalitarianism. Lincoln's and the black Republicans' victory in 1865 assured that the North's worldview would prevail, at least for a while. The first chapter in the story of the destruction of the Old American Republic indeed was written at Appomattox Courthouse. Nonetheless, for the better part of the last 130 years, Southerners have tried hard to "get over it" and be good Americans, despite the destruction of the social and political arrangements left them by their forefathers.

One area of national life in which Southerners have been willing to participate for the last century has been the Armed Services. They have shed their blood far out of proportion to their numbers in the general population. The most highly decorated American soldiers in World War I and II, respectively, were Alvin York of Tennessee and Audie Murphy of Texas, and our most feared World War II General, George S. Patton, was descended from a Confederate soldier.

But in more recent days, the military's attitude toward Southerners has changed. For example, many Southerners in the Armed Services, as exemplified by Michael New of Texas, are apprehensive of America's loss of national sovereignty to transnational agencies. New's tribulations have been well documented, and I shall not go into them here. What I would like to show, however, is a disturbing anti-Southern trend within America's mercenary Armed Services.

When it is not bombing the people of Iraq into submission or aiding Muslims against Christians in the Balkans, the New American Military is busy preparing to be the global peacekeeper of the 21st century. In an article entitled "Ambushing the Future," published in the April 1995 issue of *Special Warfare*, an official publication of the John F. Kennedy Special Warfare Center at Ft. Bragg, Dr. James J. Schneider reveals some of the darker purpose of this seemingly noble effort. The tone is set in the preface written by Major-General William F. Garrison. "We may forget," chides Garrison, "that our own Civil War [*sic*] was a nationalist-separatist conflict; that during Reconstruction our Army performed peacekeeping, nation-building, and humanitarian-assistance missions; and that our Indian wars were a long-running ethnic conflict."

Schneider takes the same lesson from the past, hopping from one cliché to another. Schneider is not sallying forth into never-never land. "The future," he says, "is already before us, hidden in a fog. It is like a living thing that we must seek out, discover, and ambush," and to set his ambush, he turns to the South's past: Reconstruction. Citing the Army's role as a domestic counterterrorist force arrayed against the Ku Klux Klan, the Redeemers, and other manifestations of white Southern resistance, Schneider and others of his stripe foresee a time in the coming century when United States Armed Forces could be profitably employed against "Good Ole Boys with guns" foolish enough to believe that the Bill of Rights still means what it says.

Should Schneider's view of the future role of the military prevail (as it seems to be doing), then not only the present-day South but much of the rest of the world is likely to get a taste of what "peacekeeping" really means. He contends that "for the Army and for Special Forces, the future will be a period of global reconstruction" under the auspices of the United Nations. This "global reconstruction," he reveals, will be sold to a gullible public through the international media. "Today the media knows no national boundaries," he writes, "it is international. The media is a powerful lever of public opinion. Through its global extension, universal presence, and speed-of-light technology, today's media can change world opinion in a matter of hours. As a consequence, local issues become laden almost immediately with global implications and therefore *become U.N. problems*." (Italics added.) In light of the well-publicized black church burnings and the pipe-bombing of Atlanta's Olympic Centennial Park, one wonders how long it will be before the U.N. blue-helmets descend upon the South in their rainbow-colored paddywagons to haul away scores of redneck terrorists to stand trial before The Hague Tribunal.

It is clear that the South and its long-standing patriotism are the main obstacle to the implementation of policies that subordinate the United States Armed Services to the interests of globalists. Southerners have in large part provided the backbone of the American military since the founding of the Republic. One might claim that the American Empire has been built on the bones of Southerners, just as the British Empire was built on the bones of Scotsmen. But today the Armed Forces are conducting a campaign to demonize the South, as evidenced by the Navy's attempt to ban the use of the state flags of Mississippi and Georgia in a 50-state display at a change of command ceremony in Pennsylvania in 1995. More disturbing are reports from Southern soldiers on the anti-South propaganda coming from some of their officers during basic training. One young man tells of entering basic at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, shortly after the Oklahoma City bombing and learning that the real enemy was not a hostile foreign power but domestic "terrorists" and the ubiquitous militia. A bit further on in his instruction, this Southern soldier was shocked to hear that the U.S. Army's standard example of a large-scale domestic disturbance was not the recent Los Angeles riots but the American "Civil War." The instructors pointed out that several Southern states still fly the battleflag in certain public venues, and that the flag stands for "disorder" and "treason." Moreover, Southerners are depicted as being more likely to stockpile weapons and ammo and to be distrustful of the federal government than are other Americans. This young man, along with his comrades, apparently is being brainwashed to take his place in the new Union Army that will finish the job Grant and Sherman started.

The South is decades "behind" the rest of the country in accepting feminism, children's rights, and a privileged position for homosexuals. Before the South will fit neatly into the puzzleboard of the New World Order, it will have to be reshaped to rid it of these old-fashioned virtues. And perhaps this is what the New Reconstruction is all about.

With this in mind, what can traditional Southerners (and our friends in other regions) do to ward off the global demons who threaten to carry the country straight to Hell along with the rest of Western civilization? The first task is to develop a Southern consciousness based on our predominately Anglo-Celtic roots. The Anglo-Celt (by definition someone who is mainly of Celtic descent but who speaks English) is perhaps the most despised creature on the face of the earth because he holds to an Old World Order—a sort of Filmerian patriarchy—

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that makes him unsuitable raw material for productive citizenship in the coming global utopia. He holds fast to the creed of the Mississippian: "A man ought to fear God, and mind his own business. He should be respectful and courteous to all women; he should love his friends and hate his enemies. He should eat when he is hungry, drink when he is thirsty, dance when he is merry . . . and knock down any man who questions his right to these privileges."

Self-protection is the hallmark of traditional Southerners of Anglo-Celtic descent, and if we are to survive, or better yet, prevail, as a distinct people, then we are going to have to rekindle the spirit of defiance that burned within the hearts of our ancestors, from Wallace and Bruce to Lee and Forrest. Unless we are willing to be unswerving in our devotion to furthering the interests of our own kith and kin, we shall be absorbed into a multicultural nightmare in which our identity will be destroyed. No other ethnic or racial group in America (or the world) hesitates to defend its own. It is a vain hope that European Americans in general will call forth the courage to develop an ethnic and cultural consciousness as a means of advancing their own interest and well-being. For one thing, there are too many outstanding historical grievances from both the Old and New worlds that still exacerbate tensions among the various European ethnic groups. For another, Americans of European ancestry have been subjected to an effective campaign of antiwhite, anti-Western brainwashing that has rendered them incapable of defending their birthright.

At present, it appears that the best chance we have of saving at least part of our Western patrimony from the clutches of the New World Order is to raise the most recent banner of the Southern Anglo-Celts—the starry St. Andrews Cross—and hope that we can rally that particular group to serve as a nucleus for the revitalization of a general European cultural hegemony. Barring parts of the Western United States, the rest of the country lacks both the will and the ethnic and cultural cohesiveness to act decisively. Only in the South, and particularly the rural South, is there a sufficiently large population rooted in the old ways to allow for a successful movement against the forces of global reconstruction.

In reflecting on our current plight, I am reminded of the words of Donald Davidson in his 1984 essay *The Center That Holds*:

> We have come to the moment of self-consciousness . . . when a writer awakes to realize what he and his people truly are, in comparison with what they are being urged to become. . . . The Southerner does not have to labour to learn some things. We already know, from the start, who we are, where we are, where we belong, what we live by, what we live for. That priceless inheritance is something given to us. But in the thoroughly modernized, anti-traditional society, it is not given; it can be achieved, if at all, only after long struggle. It is exactly what the apostles of the new Reconstruction, in the pseudoscientific language of the modern power-state, are saying we must not have, must give up if we do have it.

Should we fail to rally our people in the South to a defense of a historic blood-and-soil nation, we shall have had a hand in fulfilling Thomas Babington Macaulay's dire prophecy. In writing to an American friend in 1857, Macaulay predicted: "Your republic will be laid waste by barbarians in the 20th century as the Roman Empire was in the 5th—with this difference: . . . that your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your own country by your own institutions."

The defense of civilization has never been easy or cheap. If we are to succeed against the new barbarian hordes, Southerners must call forth the moral fortitude to reassert our own dominance in our own land. When the armed globalists come calling at some future time to usher us into the New World Order, then we will have to consider whether to take the good and practical advice of that fierce Southern man of action, Nathan Bedford Forrest. I shall alter his words but slightly to fit the looming situation: "Shoot everything in [U.N.] blue and keep the skeer on." c

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Houses

by Ruth Moose

"There is a house in Massachusetts built entirely of newspaper. Made of 215 thicknesses of newspaper, all the furniture is of newspaper too."

—*Associated Press*

On an August afternoon,
two kids, vacation wagon
strapped with tent and tarp
we followed the guidebook's
voice to a handmade house
that looked like logs but smaller
and more of them. So many, in fact,
I felt dizzy at the thought of one
man's life spent collecting and rolling
sealing in the news grown old
after an hour. Turning and turning
his secret into sticks for walls and
floor, table, chairs, even a grandfather
clock who stopped, refused
to be part of someone's obsession
turning paper into wood when everyone
knows it's supposed to be the other way.
Inside and out, bed and dresser
drawers, a china bowl beside
the door with a dollar seeding
donations. There we were
looking for anything free
so damp hot we left four ones
and held the kids, hugged them
hard, so grateful we had
more to do than roll newspapers
to leave from a lifetime.

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Recoil and Revulsion

by Frank Brownlow

"Ambition and suspicion always go together."
—G.C. Lichtenberg

Muggeridge: The Biography
by Richard Ingrams
San Francisco: HarperSanFrancisco;
264 pp., $27.50

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Back in the 1950's and 60's, when Malcolm Muggeridge was one of the resident personalities of British television, all over Britain people used to wonder what the origins of such a bizarre figure might be. Many of them would watch solely to be amazed by this dark-suited clown with the fleshy nose and wide, loose mouth, the fine, thinning, silver hair, the extravagant gestures, and the outlandish, drawling accent. "Where did they find him?" they would ask each other. "Is he really like that, or is it all an act?"

Muggeridge died, after some years of silence, in 1990. If any of that old curiosity about the Muggeridgean phenomenon survives, Richard Ingrams' absorbing biography will go a long way to satisfy it. American admirers, on the other hand, who never knew Muggeridge in his television glory days, and who idolized him as "St. Mugg," the late-converted Christian sage and stylist, may be in for surprises, some of them possibly unpleasant. Yet that shouldn't stop them from reading the fascinating story that Ingrams tells. He is sympathetic to the later Muggeridge, but it is the earlier Muggeridge, the hard-living, anti-Establishment individualist, mentor to the young satirists of the 60's (including himself), who really holds his interest.

Malcolm Muggeridge was a most unusual man. He was born in 1903 in Croydon, just outside South London, into a working-class family in the process of upward movement into the new middle class whose appearance has been a feature of British life in this century. In that respect the Muggeridges were part of the same process that produced the Larkins, the Amises, the Thatchers, and thousands of others. Muggeridge senior must have been a man of considerable drive and vitality. He combined two modestly successful careers, one on the clerical side of a firm of London shirtmakers, the other in the ranks of Fabian socialism. In middle life he managed to be simultaneously a Labour town councilor (even, briefly, a member of Parliament) as well as secretary—potentially a director—of the company he worked for. In this unusual mix of vocations one sees the unsettled ambition and divided loyalty that recurred in the life of his favorite son, Malcolm. Ingrams presents Muggeridge senior as a benign, domestic figure, but there must have been some turbulent currents in his psyche. Interesting evidence of that is Malcolm's wife's message to him after his father's death, that in death his father's face lost its angry look.

Igor Kopelnitsky

Muggeridge seems to have inherited from his father a lifelong disposition toward anger and contentiousness, and that combative emotional equipment, joined to ambition and competitiveness, produced a formidable, though unpredictable, personality. Ingrams, who knew Muggeridge well, and liked him, says more than once in this book that he was without personal ambition. This is an odd diagnosis to make of a man like Muggeridge, and can only mean that he had none of the English public-school-and-university-boy's ambition for the kind of distinction recognized in England by awards of titles, positions, and decorations. That was true enough. Instead, Muggeridge's ambition took a distinctly egotistical turn, and he thrived by attacking conventional sources of reward and honor. In this, too, he was like his father, who turned down a directorship of his company because it would have been against his socialist principles to ally himself so frankly with traditional forces of wealth and social success.

Muggeridge's own brand of ambition revealed itself early on when he got himself into Cambridge from his local grammar school in Croydon, though only as a student at a minor Church of England college (Selwyn), and at some sacrifice of principle. To begin with, his school of-

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fered no preparation on the classical side, so he went up as a natural scientist, subject matter he had no interest in. More seriously, to enter Selwyn, Muggeridge, whose family was decidedly secular, had to become a confirmed member of the Church of England, a maneuver he later kept quiet about, even though his undergraduate religious phase was genuine enough. Yet the main purpose, of getting out of Croydon into Cambridge, was served, and he went home for his first vacation already speaking in the peculiar drawl that was his trademark ever after, and calling his (no doubt surprised) father and mother "pater" and "mater."

One wishes that Ingrams had been more interested in his subject's motivation at this and later stages of his life. Himself a journalist notable for his connection with *Private Eye* magazine, he is content to explain Muggeridge as an anarchic individualist possessed with a zeal for speaking truth. Useful as that approach is up to a point, there must always have been more to Muggeridge than that. Although he never allowed himself to become identified with any of the institutions or newspapers he worked for, he always had a keen honing instinct for centers of influence and power while at the same time remaining suspicious and wary of the people he found there. It was characteristic of him that having married into the purple of the English left wing by choosing Sidney and Beatrice Webb's niece for a wife, he quickly began to dissociate himself from their politics and way of life. Although his heavy drinking and aggressive, sometimes intolerable womanizing reminds one of less complex power-maniacs, in his case one suspects that an element of self-dislike, even self-contempt, powered the continual urge to attack and dominate. In that connection it is interesting that his one undoubted period of despair came during service with British Intelligence during World War II, when he found himself isolated, deprived of the self-defining freedom to speak and act that his psychology required.

As Ingrams' book reveals so well, even Muggeridge's well-publicized conversion, followed by reception in the Catholic Church, represented no real break with ingrained mental habits. Recoil or revulsion, accompanied by prophetic denunciation, was a recurrent Muggeridgean pattern which persisted throughout his life as teacher, journalist, and broadcaster, and from which more than one of his friends suffered. Seen in that light, Muggeridge the repentant hot-gospeller (to adapt a phrase of Anthony Powell's) was the fully realized version of a character long in the making. Beatrice Webb, his aunt by marriage, would have understood that; her analysis of young Muggeridge, quoted by Ingrams, detected an affinity for Catholicism even then. Even so, as long as he retained the power of choice Muggeridge remained a hard fish for ecclesiastical anglers to land. In a late interview in the *Times*, he said that though he found the Catholic Church the most acceptable of those available, he really belonged to no church.

In an earlier England, Muggeridge might well have found a niche as a fashionable Protestant preacher, running his own ecclesiastical shop where he pronounced on issues of the day to congregations of the influential and fashionable. In our unchurched century journalism provided his first effective pulpit, but it was in television that he really flourished. As a mass medium reaching huge audiences, television has always been divided between indulging its audiences or instructing them, and in pursuit of the latter aim it has been hospitable to punditry of all kinds. Television provided an ideal forum for Muggeridge's brand of broadly generalized, opinionated talk, also for his strong, eccentrically dramatized character. Kingsley Amis, in his *Autobiography*, recalls him "screwing up his face" as he produced some enormous cliché with a suggestion of tremendous effort: "What we all have to realize is that we live in an increasingly materialistic society." Television, then as now, could absorb any amount of that.

It is fascinating to see from Ingrams' book that the BBC, initially pleased with Muggeridge as interviewer and host, was so shocked by his stronger views (of the royal family, for instance) that they tried to put him off the air entirely. The effort failed because of the appearance of competition in the form of independent television in Britain, and because the BBC itself needed Muggeridge's services in reaching and holding an audience. One ironic result of Muggeridge's interaction with the television audience was that he became a participant in the very cultural developments he liked to inveigh against. As contemporaries pointed out at the time, especially when he joined various crusades for public morality, television personalities are ill-placed to attack materialism and self-indulgence in society at large, let alone power-seeking and self-importance in individuals.

Nonetheless, despite the comical side of his television career and the criticisms of the uncharmed, there is no doubt that Muggeridge was an engaging man, a clever, amusing conversationalist, and a first-rate entertainer. Moreover, he has a claim on posterity as moralist and prophet. Having gone to live in Stalin's Russia as a convinced communist journalist, he immediately saw the truth of the regime, sent his findings back to his newspaper, the *Manchester Guardian*, and later published a book on the subject. This was an act of personal, moral courage that put him well ahead of the later stream of communist penitents. He also gets high marks for his kindness to P.G. Wodehouse whom he encountered in Paris toward the end of the war. Wodehouse was in real danger from misinformed Allied authorities, and Muggeridge, then a British officer, took care of him, again at some risk to his own standing. On television, his most influential program was probably his documentary on Mother Teresa, which not only introduced her to a huge public but led eventually to his own conversion, and enabled him to write what may be his best book, *Something Beautiful for God*.

Taken as a whole, though, Muggeridge's writing, while praised in its time, does not age well. It suffers from facility and a monotonous, all-too-predictably egotistic point of view. Readable in short doses, it palls at any length. In spite of that, Muggeridge remains interesting as a figure in his times, a self-invented man who defined himself by opposition and ridicule of things established, yet who nonetheless became famous in the employ of institutions he affected to despise. If he found a degree of happiness in conversion, who will begrudge it him? Anyone curious about Muggeridge, or about the profession of punditry in our times, will find Ingrams' biography a fascinatingly informative document.

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American Gothic

by Allan Carlson

"Do not the seas and the mountains and the prairies and the plains in some manner and to some extent transform men into their own likeness?"

—Cyrenus Cole

Kinship with the Land: Regionalist Thought in Iowa, 1894-1942
by F. Bradford Burns
Iowa City: University of Iowa Press; 195 pp., $27.95

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The America First cause of 1939-41 finds a powerful, if unusual and indirect, affirmation in E. Bradford Burns' *Kinship with the Land: Regionalist Thought in Iowa, 1894-1942*. Better known for his histories of Latin America, Burns returns to his native Iowa to analyze its "most productive period of intellectual inquiry, cultural vitality, self-perception, and self-expression." He describes a wide-ranging "revolt against cultural nationalism" led by an unlikely band of Iowa poets, novelists, and artists. They shaped "a vigorous, if not blatant, Midwestern patriotism," and defended it against the cultural and political wiles of New York and The Continent, before succumbing to the "internationalization of the state during World War II."

Notably, the author stresses the stability of Iowa's material conditions during this period of artistic achievement. The state counted 222,000 family farms in 1894, and approximately the same number in 1940, with the average size holding at 155 acres. Farming technology remained relatively static over this period as well, with true horsepower still competitive with steam and the early two-cylinder gasoline tractors. Even the depression in agricultural prices after 1920 "turned attention inward" and "encouraged self reliance," traits complementing a vital regionalism.

The task facing any historian of a "movement" is to transform isolated events and the ideas and actions of individuals into a coherent narrative of cause and effect. In this, Burns largely succeeds. He traces the origins of the Iowa renaissance to the publication in 1894 of Hamlin Garland's *Crumbling Idols*. Dismissing the literary tyrannies of the American East Coast and Europe, Garland called for a great Midwestern literature: "Write of those things of which you know, for which you care most. By doing so, you will be true to yourself, true to your locality, and true to your time." The same year saw publication of *Poets and Poetry of Iowa*, an uneven but hefty anthology of verse, much of it penned by farmer-poets, and the founding of the state's first literary journal, *The Midland Monthly*.

In 1899, Clarke Fisher, chairman of the English Department at the University of Iowa, organized the Writers Club, which soon became a center of regionalist enthusiasm. A few years later, the famed Harvard philosopher, Josiah Royce, journeyed to Iowa City, where in a widely celebrated lecture he praised "provincialism," defining a province as a place "sufficiently unified to have a true consciousness of its own unity" and "a pride in its own ideas and customs." Regionalist sentiments sprang up among the faculties at Grinnell and Cornell colleges, as well.

"Farm novels" began to appear in profusion. Among the best was Herbert Quick's *Vandemark's Folly*, bearing the essential theme of the farmer and the soil in unity. As one passage had it, using the sensual imagery that would become common to the genre: "Prior to this time, I was courting the country; now I was to be united with it in that holy wedlock that binds the farmer to the soil he tills. Out of this black loam was to come my own flesh and blood, and the bodies, and I believe, in some measure, the souls of my children."

The movement's great efflorescence followed the founding of a new literary journal, *The Midland*, in 1915. Editor John T. Frederick described the Iowa City-based quarterly as "a modest attempt to encourage the making of literature in the Middle West." Until its demise in 1933, *The Midland* introduced an impressive crop of new Iowa writers. These included Jay Sigmund and Ruth Suckow, and Burns makes a notable con-

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tribution by resurrecting attention to their lives and work.

Sigmund, born in the village of Waubeek on the banks of the Wapsipinicon River, moved at age 19 to nearby Cedar Rapids and eventually became an insurance executive. Yet he devoted his main energies to poetry, most of it focused on the flora, fauna, and folk of the Wapsipinicon valley. Following his untimely death in 1937, his fellow Cedar Rapids poet, Paul Engle, wrote an obituary that in many respects defined the regionalist vision:

> Here is to me the most magnificent aspect of Jay Sigmund, that he helped to make a city and a country[side] not merely a good place to raise a family but to write a poem or paint a picture. He made art at home in a little area of the earth. This is a great destiny for any man. . . . Our national life must acquire this creative force, when artists walk on the street and talk naturally with all manner of men, and when the people with whom they live as neighbors recognize them for their craft, and take them into their homes.

The themes of soil and folk, and the mounting—if still quiet—crisis of Iowa's "commonwealth of small towns" dominated the work of Ruth Suckow. First published in *The Midland*, where she served briefly as an editor, and then "discovered" and promoted nationally by H.L. Mencken, Suckow eschewed the romanticism of the "farm novels." She portrayed, instead, the dislocation of Iowans as they lost direct connection with the land. Her best novel, *The Folks* (1930; now in print again, from Burr Oak Books), emphasized the decline of the church as an integrative social force, the decay of folk life and custom under a relentless commercial homogenization, and the rebellion of the town's children, who left their natal home for Greenwich Village, Taos, and California.

Suckow also wrote a series of essays under the titles "Iowa," "The Folk Idea in American Life," and "Middle Western Literature," striving to define the Iowa mythos. "At its best," she wrote, "it is innocently ingenuous, fresh and sincere, unpretentious, and essentially ample, with a certain quality of pure loveliness—held together and strengthened by the simplicity and severity of its hard-working farmer people."

The better-known leaders of the Iowa renaissance—Engle and Grant Wood—also draw fair analysis from Burns. As an Iowa child of the late 1950's, I knew Engle as the aging "poet laureate" of my state, famed for his verses about "corn." An adult might better appreciate his wondrous celebration of fertility:

> Iowa, river rounded,
> Fields that rise and fall like a
> woman walking . . .
> For always, There is the great
> pulse beat of moon and sun,
> The mother giving of plow-broken
> earth
> When the fat bellies of autumnal
> barns,
> Grow big with harvest.

Grant Wood took center place in the movement during the 1930's, striving—perhaps with a sense of foreboding—to give it institutional form. Born of Iowa Quaker stock, and a full or part-time farmer most of his life, Wood modeled his early paintings on the French Impressionists. Yet he spent the summers of 1927 and 1928 with Jay Sigmund, in the latter's Waubeek cottage, and also befriended Ruth Suckow. These bonds stimulated his own artistic rebellion. As he later wrote: "Painting has declared its independence from Europe, and is retreating from the cities to the more American village and country life." Early results were *American Gothic* (1930), which quickly propelled Wood to national fame, and a series of landscapes in which he captured the color and bounteous roll of the Iowa countryside.

In 1932-33, Wood established an art colony at Stone City, actually a small village along the Wapsipinicon. According to Burns, the days of conversation, classes, painting, and personal encounters which took place there "marked a kind of apogee of regionalist art." In 1935, Wood published the essay *Revolt Against the City* (ghost-written, Burns suggests, by Frank Luther Mott of the University of Iowa's journalism school), which called on "thinking painters and writers" in all American regions to discover their own locales, and craft a national renaissance: "When the different regions develop characteristics of their own, they will come into competition with each other, and out of the competition a rich American culture will grow."

A charming expression of regionalist cooperation came in 1935, with the founding of the Prairie Press in Muscatine. Inspired by Grant Wood, the young printer Carroll Coleman resolved "to follow, in publishing, the regionalism which he [Wood] advocated in painting. I envisioned writers, artists, and printers working together to produce beautiful books which would embody the life and thought of the heart of this great Mississippi valley region." Striking volumes, in handset type, followed, including *Contemporary Iowa Poets* (1935) and *Country Men* (1938).

But the Iowa literary and artistic movement, still so brilliant in the late 1930's, died suddenly. "World War II administered the coup de grace," Burns writes soberly. "Iowans lifted their sights to global horizons, and they, thus far, have found it difficult to focus internally again." On every side, national and international purposes took priority over local ones, as the more prescient America Firsters had feared. Tens of thousands of Iowans were mobilized for war or war work and scattered across the nation and globe. Labor shortages on the land accelerated the introduction of heavy farm machines, marking the long deferred triumph of capital over human and animal labor. Mechanized Iowa farmers, Burns notes, no longer directly touched the soil, weakening the sacred relationship between folk and nature—the very theme which had animated the Iowa writers and artists. Symbolically, the University of Iowa's writing seminar, once a hotbed of regionalist fervor, became the *International* Writing Program of the postwar years.

Grant Wood died, providentially it seems, on February 12, 1942, barely two months after the events at Pearl Harbor. Ruth Suckow's last "Iowa" book appeared the same year, as she moved to California for reasons of health. "Academic" Iowa writers such as John T. Frederick and Frank Luther Mott moved on to teaching jobs in Indiana and Minnesota. A vibrant literary and artistic episode so came to an end, victim of a nation marching off to global war, cultural integration, and empire. Fortunately, E. Bradford Burns' splendid *Kinship with the Land* stands, along with the Iowa renaissance itself, as a "rich legacy . . . to encourage or to taunt," a vision of what was, what might have been, and—less clearly—of what might be again.

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Wallace Stegner, Writer of the West

by Gregory McNamee

Wallace Stegner: His Life and Work
by Jackson Benson
New York: Viking Press;
488 pp., $32.95

The Geography of Hope
Edited by Mary Stegner
San Francisco: Sierra Club Books;
288 pp., $14.95

Wallace Stegner: Man and Writer
Edited by Charles Rankin
Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press;
280 pp., $45.00

◆

Wallace Stegner's death on April 13, 1993, was not, as the cliché has it, untimely. He had lived to the respectable age of 85, after all; had lived to see the wide-open West of his early years carved by bulldozers, devoured by cities, and filled with people. Untimely, no; but perhaps ironic, for Stegner died from complications following an automobile accident, a victim of the technological world he had long decried.

Books about Stegner are beginning to appear: to judge by them, it may take another 85 years fully to appreciate Wallace Stegner's gift to the American West. His contributions were many, not the least of them his having helped shape the literature not only of the region but of points east, through the scores of graduates from the Stanford University writing program that bears his name. One of them was Edward Abbey, the Jeremiah of Western environmentalism, who cultivated a rough-and-ready, self-taught image, but who once told me that he became a writer not in the desert wilds but in the halls of Stanford. Another is Wendell Berry, the Kentucky poet and farmer. Still another is Ken Kesey, who combined the cowboy ethos with hippie sentiment to shape novels of the New West like *Sometimes a Great Notion* and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

Stegner was of the last generation to experience a truly frontier West. His father was a land speculator who dragged his family from one dusty town to another in search of easy riches, and who, Stegner recalled, "died broke and friendless in a fleabag hotel, having in his lifetime done more human and environmental damage than he could have repaired in a second lifetime." His mother was old at 30, broken by a rootless marriage marked by one humiliation after another. It was not an auspicious beginning.

The transient youth found his home in the libraries of small towns like Yuma, Kanab, Alamosa, and Rock Springs. The books he read there, books like John Wesley Powell's *Explorations of the Colorado River* and Mark Twain's *Roughing It*, helped him put his life into a native context: when he began to write, first articles and then books, he did so as a proud Westerner, disinclined to apologize to Eastern readers for living by choice in the Great American Outback.

Stegner's was an important shift in attitude. Most contemporary writing about the West concerned virtuous white women kidnapped by howling savages, straight-jawed lawmen battling snake-eyed gunslingers, and fifth-column renegades attempting to thwart Manifest Destiny. Much of that writing, in fact, came from the pens of men and women who never saw the West. One of them, the enormously popular writer Karl May, penned his dime novels inside the walls of a German prison while he did time for fraud.

Instead, Stegner wrote of the realities of Western life: whiskey-soaked cities, violent mining towns, ramshackle fishing villages and line camps, dusty farmyards. He wrote of honest emotions, of pain and love and loss. He wrote splendid novels like *Angle of Repose* and *The Big Rock Candy Mountain*, evoking all that is right and wrong with the West: a hauntingly beautiful land full of riches, but full of fools' promises as well.

He wrote books of nonfiction, too, that helped restore a sense of real history to the backcountry. His collection of essays *Mormon Country* remains one of the best books ever to introduce Latter-Day Saints doctrine and culture to non-Mormon readers; his *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian* recounted the amazing feats of his boyhood hero John Wesley Powell as he surveyed the post-Civil War West; his *Wolf Willow* portrays a Colorado, Alberta, Utah, and Montana that exist now only in books and a few aging memories.

Years ago, Wallace Stegner called the American West "hope's native home." In the last decade of his life, he grew less buoyant. Regarding the West as "less a place than a process," he came to find cause to abandon hope at its gates, now that its great cities had grown "to the limits of their water and beyond, like bacterial cultures overflowing the edges of their agar dishes." One of the few surprises in Jackson Benson's serviceable—but only just—new biography of Wallace Stegner, in fact, is that at the end of his life Stegner was so depressed about the rape of the American West that he intended to move to Vermont, where, he rightly maintained, there was more wild nature to be found than in California.

In his last years, Stegner, who had disdained the young radicals of the Vietnam era, became a cultural rebel. In 1991, he declined a presidential National Medal for the Arts, citing his dislike of the government's tampering with cultur-

LIBERAL ARTS

HATE AMERICA

In the November/December edition of *Immigration Watch*, an anonymous student at UC/Riverside describes a "hate America" movement on his campus spearheaded by the radical Hispanic group MEChA, whose goal is the secession of the Southwestern regions of the United States. "Since day one," the student reports, "there has been an endless barrage of hate America speeches, desecrations of the American flag." Hispanic activists also erected a wooden shack in the middle of the campus which displayed such slogans as "Kill the White Man," "Will Someone Please Shoot Pete Wilson," and "America Must Fall."

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al affairs. More and more he criticized the get-rich-quick hucksters who guide so much of the West's economy and politics, the Sagebrush Rebellion speculators who profit from the land's destruction.

Wallace Stegner's passing made the front pages of papers on the coasts, the inner or back pages of papers in the Western states he had long fought to describe and protect. Less ephemerally, it has also yielded a number of books, foremost among them Jackson Benson's life of Stegner: a hurried, somewhat too reverential book that will disappoint students of Stegner the conservationist and regional chauvinist. For this, we must turn to Mary Stegner's gathering of celebratory essays *The Geography of Hope*, which, although a *Festschrift*, has its merits. Benson, however, himself a professor of literature, has much to say about the content of Stegner's books, so that his biography serves well as an on-the-fly compendium of literary criticism. He is especially helpful in discussing Stegner's constant preoccupation with the development of personal identity, as well as his concern for creating unusual, tightly woven narrative structures.

Charles Rankin's collection *Wallace Stegner: Man and Writer*, growing from a symposium at the University of Montana, is more useful. The strongest of the essays deal with Stegner's work on many fronts, as conservationist and old-school, socially conservative political activist; as historian, as freelance writer, and as teacher. Richard Etulain, who has done much good work as a chronicler of Western literary history, captures Stegner in reflective moments, in one of which his subject wearily assesses the curse of an active imagination and a seemingly limitless capacity for work. ("It's like a beaver's teeth—he has to chew or else his jaws lock shut," Stegner tells Etulain. "A talent is a kind of imprisonment. You're stuck in it: you have to keep using it, or else you get ruined by it.") Considering whether Stegner's fiction has had much influence on his younger contemporaries—as, for whatever reason, it seems not to have—William Bevis asserts that Stegner's literary style, forever locked in conventional magazine formulae of the 1930's and 40's, failed to develop over time, not least because Stegner mistrusted literary experimentation.

All three books have their considerable uses, but they leave room for another combining their virtues, one that would fully account for Stegner's place in modern Western literature, that would examine where Stegner got it right and where he got it wrong, that would travel the ground to see up close the landscapes that shaped Stegner's character. Until we have that book we can content ourselves with returning to Stegner's own writings, which offer a humane and hopeful vision that defies the region's continuing transformation into just another hopelessly used-up place.

Gregory McNamee's most recent book is A Desert Bestiary, *published by Johnson Books in Boulder, Colorado.*

Circles of Hell

by C. John McCloskey III

The Hand of God: A Journey From Death to Life by the Abortion Doctor Who Changed His Mind
by Bernard Nathanson
Washington: Regnery Publishing; 206 pp., $24.95

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Dr. Bernard Nathanson has written an important book that in time will rank with Merton's *Seven Storey Mountain* and Malcolm Muggeridge's *Chronicles of Wasted Time* as books which our descendants, familial and spiritual, will examine closely in the 21st and 22nd centuries in order to understand both man's inhumanity to humanity and to his personal self.

While the book has historical significance, it also possesses importance in the present moment. Bernard Nathanson's intellectual and moral honesty has enabled many other abortion providers or accomplices, including recently some legislators, to acknowledge their mistakes and join the fight for human life at its most defenseless. Nowhere more clearly than in the United States can one see the divisions lining up behind the forces of the "culture of death" and a "civilization of love." Dr. Bernard Nathanson's conversions both to the cause of life and to Christianity (he was received into the Roman Catholic Church by John Cardinal O'Connor on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception in 1996) are indeed highly significant as witness both to the power of scientific evidence and of prayer. It also manifests clearly the inexorable connection between God and the natural law that He has inscribed in human nature.

The basic facts about Dr. Nathanson are well known to many readers. He was cofounder in 1969 of the National Association for the Repeal of Abortion Laws (NARAL, later renamed the National Abortion Rights Action League) and former director of New York City's Center for Reproductive and Sexual Health, then the largest abortion clinic in the world. In the late 1970's, he turned against abortion to become a prominent pro-life advocate, authoring *Aborting America* and producing the seminal pro-life video *The Silent Scream*. This video was truly revolutionary in its use of the most up-to-date medical technology to depict the horrors of abortion as it actually takes place in the womb of the mother. Along with its successor *The Eclipse of Reason*, it was widely shown not only on television globally, but directly to legislators in many countries.

During the late 1970's, Dr. Nathanson became for the cultural anti-life forces in America an object of ridicule and satire in comic strips and news commentary, and the butt of jokes of television comedians. Since then, in addition to his distinguished obstetric medical practice and university teaching, he has given hundreds of lectures throughout the world in defense of the unborn. Now on the verge of retirement, he has written his autobiography, which contains searing personal revelations concerning how a medical doctor could become an abortionist, and also remain open to the possibilities of divine grace.

The first chapter clearly describes the young Nathanson's relationship with his father, a Jewish Canadian physician, and his family: "We would take long walks together, he and I, and he would fill my ears with poisonous remarks and revanchist resolutions concerning my mother and her family and . . . I remained his weapon, his dummy, until I was almost seventeen years old, when I-as-he rebelled and told him I would no longer function as his robotic surrogate assassin." Of his sister he writes, "Her mental health destroyed, her physical health intact but—to her befuddled mind—suspect, her children rebellious, fallen in with bad company and truant, my sister killed herself one sunny August morning

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with an overdose of a powerful sedative." Regarding himself, "And I? I have three failed marriages and have fathered a son who is sullen, suspicious but brilliant in computer science."

Religion had no real role in his upbringing. His family was nonobservant, although they did celebrate the Jewish holidays, perhaps as many putative Christians still observe Easter and Christmas, without these Christian solemnities having any real impact on their thought or behavior. Quite striking is his description of his childhood concept of God: "My childhood image of God was, as I reflect on it six decades later, the brooding, majestic, full-bearded figure of Michelangelo's Moses. He sits slumped on what appears to be His throne, pondering my fate and at the brink of disgorging His inevitably damning judgment. This was my Jewish God: massive, leonine, and forbidding." This description fits very well with the noted psychologist Paul Vitz's view that almost all serious atheists are the victims of abusive or absent fathers. At a later period in his life, during a stint in the Air Force, to while away the idle hours he took a Bible study course and "discovered that the New Testament God was a loving, forgiving, incomparably cosseting figure in whom I would seek, and ultimately find, the forgiveness that I have pursued so hopelessly, for so long."

During his medical studies at McGill University in Canada he had as a professor the famous Jewish psychiatrist Karl Stern, an émigré from Nazi Germany. This relationship would have positive consequences decades later, when Nathanson began to examine more closely the arguments for Christianity:

> Stern was the dominant figure in the department: a great teacher; a riveting, even eloquent lecturer in a language not his own; and a brilliant contrarian spewing out original and daring ideas as reliably as Old Faithful. I conceived an epic case of hero-worship of Stern, read my psychiatry with the diligence of a biblical scholar, and in turn was awarded the prize in psychiatry at the end of my fourth year. . . . There was something indefinably serene and certain about him. I did not know then that in 1943, after years of contemplating, reading, and analyzing, he had converted to Roman Catholicism.

Later on Nathanson read Stern's famous autobiography *The Pillar of Fire* and realized that the man "possessed a secret I had been searching for all my life, the secret of the peace of Christ."

In subsequent chapters Nathanson relates a compulsive promiscuity, which resulted in his first encounter with abortion, one performed on his first girlfriend and paid for by his father; the story of his first two marriages; and, in what is perhaps the most shocking and chilling incident in the book, an abortion performed by himself on another of the women with whom he had affairs. But in time Nathanson saw clearly the scientific evidence against abortion, due in great part to new technology which enabled him to see the child in the womb. What he had been aborting by the thousands (he estimates that he was involved, directly or indirectly, in over 75,000 abortions) was in fact a human being from the moment of conception. Consequently, he stopped performing abortions, and became the best-known advocate and convert to the pro-life cause in America.

He ends the book on a note of hope in Christ's mercy, forgiveness, and offer of salvation. As is often the case in a story of conversion, it is the prayers and personal example of so many of his pro-life friends and coworkers that over time melt down the resistance of a hardened atheistic sinner so that he can see that there might be room in God's heart even for the likes of him.

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LIBERAL ARTS

THE 5-H CLUB

According to the December edition of *Pro-Family News*, published in Minneapolis by the Minnesota Family Council, the state 4-H Club must now sign a statement declaring that it will not discriminate on the basis of "sexual orientation." Because the 4-H program is run by the Minnesota Extension Service of the University of Minnesota, it is subject to all the state's civil rights laws. In order to have their clubs recognized at the state level, club leaders are required to allow homosexuals to participate in all 4-H programs and activities, including some involving youth under the age of 18. When volunteer Joyce Stuewe asked Michael Charland, assistant director of 4-H Youth Development, if a gay man would now be eligible to take over leadership of the club, he reportedly replied, "That's correct."

City of God

by Philip Jenkins

Jerusalem: One City, Three Faiths
by Karen Armstrong
New York: Alfred A. Knopf;
471 pp., $30.00

◆

For better or worse, British religious writer Karen Armstrong is rapidly becoming a publishing phenomenon. Partly because of the demographics of an aging baby boom, religious books are becoming a very hot item on the best-seller charts, ranging from reports of cuddly angels who allegedly guard our steps, through the *pour épater les bourgeois* efforts of the Jesus Seminar and the like, to valuable popularizations of complex religious thought and history. In recent years, this last category has included

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best-sellers and prize winners like Jack Miles' *God: A Biography* and Armstrong's *A History of God*. The *History* was a distinctly mixed project, evincing as it did conspicuous learning about abstruse byways of Islamic philosophy and mysticism, above all from the Sufi tradition she clearly loves. However, this sensitive treatment was constantly juxtaposed with malicious digs at every aspect of Western intellectual tradition. The Greeks achieved this . . . the Muslims discovered that . . . the Hindus began their golden age of intellect . . . meanwhile Western European peasants like Thomas Aquinas shambled out of their caves long enough to write simplistic trash gratuitously perverting the cultural treasures they had stolen from their neighbors. . . . Not a direct quotation, to be fair, but a reasonably accurate rendering of a pervasive sentiment in that odd and wrong-headed *oeuvre*.

We therefore approach Armstrong's successor volume with some trepidation: surely she has by now worked out of her system all the bile against Catholic and Western traditions that she seems to have acquired during several years of convent life? The answer is mixed. Armstrong depicts the city as flourishing according to its own terms and traditions, except at such times as its life is violated by disgusting barbarian killers from the West. Now this characterization may well be justified on occasion; certainly the assault by Crusaders on the city in 1099 would find few modern defenders. But if the whole Crusading movement was really "a travesty of religion," why does Armstrong not condemn likewise Muslim military atrocities? She displays a marked tonal difference in passages describing the annexation or destruction of Christian holy places (presumably part of the onward march of history) and those of other religions (brutal persecution by Christian bigots). As in *A History of God*, which is extensively rehashed throughout this volume, she is open to any Muslim account implying tolerance or reasonableness by partisans of that faith. Accepting the accounts most favorable to the one side and those least flattering to the other, she falls considerably short of the ideal of historical balance. Armstrong even contrives to blame Franciscan Catholic clergy for the first anti-Semitic pogroms in the Muslim world, which is stretching fact to breaking point and beyond. Her distaste is palpable when she dismisses the Ugly Westerners who come to Jerusalem to pursue "Biblical archaeology . . . an expression of the rationalized religion of the West based on facts and reason rather than on imaginative mythology." Scientific method has wrought such harm on the world! Paradoxically, it is denounced by authors like Armstrong who work with word processors rather than with quills.

Fortunately, there is a positive side to Armstrong's book, making it well worth reading for anyone interested in the nature of Jewish and Christian cultural traditions. She is, for example, extremely sympathetic to the Eastern Orthodox tradition; once again, her account of life under Islam is very well informed. Numerous scholars are comfortable with either the Jewish or the Christian side of the story, and some specialists are qualified to recount the Muslim one. Very few, however, have either the ability or the nerve to attempt a synthesis of this kind, which relates the story of Jerusalem and its environs from archaic Rushalimum to the modern city ruled by the State of Israel. (Her story is sufficiently current to embrace the assassination of Yitzhak Rabin in 1995.) Armstrong's book is especially valuable for the accounts of what are, for most Western readers, the "dark centuries" in the city's life: the early Middle Ages, for example, and the early modern period.

Armstrong highlights the city's attraction for successive waves of mystics and fanatics—Sufis, Karaites, and Hasidim—who found Jerusalem to be the only environment in which they could practice a religion as rooted in the next world as in this. For all three faiths, moreover, there was always the recurrent belief that the Holy City would be the geographical setting for the events of the End Times, however these are conceived. Another and curious element of the story is the city's success in civilizing its successive waves of residents and visitors, including such apparently hopeless cases as the Franks and the Turks. No matter how uncompromising their initial rejection of culture or cosmopolitanism, these people came, they saw—and Jerusalem conquered.

Also perennial has been the city's attraction for religious reformers who, affecting at first to deny that one place was more holy than another—God being omnipresent—ended by taking root themselves and venerating Jerusalem's holiness as sincerely as their pagan ancestors had done. Truly, as Armstrong remarks, the concept of sacred geography strikes deep into the human psyche. Intentionally or not, she leaves the reader with a strong feeling that a depoliticized and unified Jerusalem would indeed make an ideal world capital of sorts: certainly we can understand why for two millennia cartographers persisted in depicting the city as the center of the known world.

Armstrong strives for balance in her account of the modern Arab-Israeli conflict, offering a sympathetic history of the Zionist movement and its aspirations and confirming the Zionist claim that the Jewish presence never vanished altogether from the city over two millennia of exile, while remaining critically important to the life of the region. Nevertheless, she emphasizes the role of Jewish forces in atrocities like the Deir Yassin massacre of 1948, and describes the terrorist campaigns by Zionist Ultras in the last two decades. She shows little sympathy for the more bizarre Zionist claims to every square inch of *Eretz Israel*, and is appropriately horrified by the lunatic schemes of extremists who fantasize about the destruction of the Muslim holy places and their replacement by synagogues—even, perhaps, by a restored Temple. As she rightly remarks, such a policy would be a high road to World War III. On such contemporary matters, Armstrong's opinions fit well enough with those of irenic Jews or Arabs who yearn to see the city as a genuine "City of Peace."

Armstrong ably communicates the powerful sense of continuity associated with the Holy City, in which it seems that virtually every decade brings some new find or reinterpretation which is hailed by believers as a major contribution to religious truth. She also makes painfully clear that this process of constructing and reconstructing religious memory is very much alive. Ironically, it was only a very few months after her book appeared that a dispute over a tunnel connecting holy sites near the al-Aqsa Mosque erupted into a shooting war between Israelis and the new Palestinian authority. People are still prepared to kill to defend the secrets of the city of life.

Philip Jenkins is the author, most recently, of Hoods and Shirts: The Extreme Right in Pennsylvania 1925-1950 *(University of North Carolina Press).*

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by Samuel Francis

First Things Last

If the election of 1996 turned out to be an even bigger snore than most citizens anticipated, the fall of the year was nevertheless enlivened by a dangerous outbreak of something resembling actual cogitation on the American right. Given the mentally paralytic cast of the Dole-Kemp campaign and much of the party that nominated it, the continuing sparkle of neurons among conservatives was surprisingly refreshing, not least because it immediately provoked a hostile response from some of the major illuminati of the "conservative movement." The November issue of the neoconservative journal *First Things* published a collection of essays that tried to raise some serious questions about the future of American government. The illuminati don't much like serious questions, let alone serious answers, and for several weeks afterwards, it seemed that organized conservatism in America was about to experience yet another of its periodic purges in which those who commit Thought-Crime are quickly and quietly removed to the American equivalent of Siberia.

First Things is a journal devoted to the discussion of religion and public affairs, founded and edited by Father Richard John Neuhaus, a gentleman in better days associated with The Rockford Institute who more recently has buzzed about the neoconservative hive in Manhattan. Father Neuhaus and his colleagues have long been preoccupied with the role of religion in public life and more particularly with such issues as abortion, euthanasia, and sexual morality. The November symposium concerned itself with these very subjects, but in a way that was distinctly out of character for neoconservatives.

The symposium consisted of an introductory essay by Neuhaus himself and other contributions by Robert Bork, Catholic legal scholar Russell Hittinger, Hadley Arkes of Amherst, Robert George of Princeton, and Charles Colson, once of Watergate but now called to a rather more ethereal vocation as the chairman of Prison Fellowship, an evangelical organization that preaches the Good News to convicted felons. Concentrating on recent Supreme Court decisions on abortion, euthanasia, and homosexuality, the symposium proceeded to raise some very hard questions about what the contributors kept calling "the legitimacy of the regime."

As Neuhaus himself rather breathlessly phrased it in his introduction, "The question here explored, in full awareness of its far-reaching consequences, is whether we have reached or are reaching the point where conscientious citizens can no longer give moral assent to the existing regime." The general conclusion of the symposium is yes, we are reaching that point, and the closer we get to it, the more seriously we have to address the next question, what are we supposed to do about it?

We are approaching that point—of the illegitimacy of the American government or at least of its judicial branch—for several different reasons. Judge Bork seems to have reached the point for largely procedural reasons—that the courts are handing down blatantly false interpretations of the Constitution and imposing them in blatantly illicit ways. The other participants tend to dwell on the substantive content of the decisions themselves. Thus, Russell Hittinger, in what is perhaps the most closely reasoned contribution, argues that not only do recent court rulings violate traditional religious and moral taboos on abortion, euthanasia, and homosexuality but indeed go much further and insinuate that any law or policy based on religious or moral principles is illegitimate. Professor George argues that the courts' rulings on abortion "have imposed upon the nation immoral policies that pro-life Americans cannot, in good conscience, accept." Mr. Colson perhaps goes even further in arguing that in the event of the legalization of homosexual marriage, "Christians . . . would be forced to live under a government whose actions violate the biblical ordering of social life and threaten the first institution ordained by God," that the Supreme Court's upholding of a ruling prohibiting states from preventing euthanasia would mean "that the medical murder of the sick and elderly has become our government's national policy," and that President Clinton's veto of the partial birth abortion bill last summer "is tantamount to the affirmation of infanticide." "It would be hard to imagine," writes the man who once expressed willingness to murder his grandmother for Nixon, "that a Christian in good conscience could swear to uphold the Constitution or laws of a nation that practices the horrendous offense against God of taking the defenseless lives of the weakest among us: babies, the elderly, and the sick."

The symposium at once caused a fit of hiccups, not least because such desperate conclusions are not typical of the rather humdrum ruminations that habitually fill the pages of *First Things*, but more especially because of the reaction the symposium immediately provoked among the magazine's senior editors. Gertrude Himmelfarb, Peter Berger, and Walter Berns, three major neoconservative figures and longtime collaborators of Neuhaus, at once sent in their resignations and removed themselves from the magazine's masthead. Even more significantly, Norman Podhoretz, the Old Man of the neoconservative Mountain and long Neuhaus's major patron among neoconservative bigwigs, also wrote a quite snotty letter to Father Neuhaus about the symposium.

Himmelfarb and Berger as well as Podhoretz all wrote letters to Neuhaus elaborating their objections, which consist of three main points: (a) the symposium uses the term "regime" to describe the current system of government in the United States, (b) the symposium concludes that the "regime" is "illegitimate," and (c) Neuhaus in his essay had suggested a comparison of the contemporary and future United States with Nazi Germany. "America," Neuhaus wrote, "is not and, please God, will never become Nazi Germany, but it is only blind hubris that denies it can happen here and, in peculiarly American ways, may be happening here." Berger wrote to Neuhaus that this is "the most offensive passage" and "perhaps the most convoluted sentence you have ever written." In the words of the Great Pod himself, "I am appalled by the language the two of

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you [Neuhaus and Colson] use to describe this country, especially your own reference to Nazi Germany; by the seditious measures you contemplate and all but advocate; and by the aid and comfort you for all practical purposes offer to the bomb throwers among us."

Recriminations among neoconservatives are always amusing, if only for the polemical nastiness with which they are conducted, and the whole dispute reminds us that one of the great pleasures of being a paleoconservative is that you don't have to receive letters from Norman Podhoretz. Yet the significance of the controversy reaches well beyond mere irony. Its meaning was to some extent elucidated by an article in the November 11 issue of the *Weekly Standard* by one of its senior editors, David Brooks, who generally sympathizes with the Podhoretz camp. Entitled "The Right's Anti-American Temptation," the article noted that the Neuhaus symposium exuded "a tone of crisis, a sense that history itself is moving in the wrong direction," and that this "is a tone mainstream conservatives have not used in a long while."

Of course, what Brooks means by "mainstream conservatives" is neoconservatives. Among paleoconservatives, the view that history is moving in the wrong direction is and always has been a commonplace, from Whittaker Chambers' mordant jeremiads to Richard Weaver's philosophical dissection of modernity. The very titles of the books of major paleoconservative figures—e.g., Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom*, Burnham's *Suicide of the West*, Robert Nisbet's *The Twilight of Authority*, among others—suggest that the older school of the right never entertained a particularly Pollyannish view of history. One of the basic assumptions of almost all schools of paleoconservative thought has always been that something—in America, the West, or the Modern Age—has gone wrong.

This is not true for the neocons, whose adoption of a species of conservatism is predicated on the essential rightness of modern American government and society, the direction of its historical course, and the Modern Age in general. Indeed, it was the anti-American thrust of the New Left that precipitated the neocons' break with the left, and as Podhoretz's letter and Brooks' title (as well as several other remarks and comments by other neocons over the years) make clear, the neoconservatives are unable to distinguish the anti-Americanism of the left from the conservative and fundamentally patriotic critique of American history and culture mounted by paleoconservatives. At peace with the direction of history, the neoconservatives emerge not as serious critics of the current regime, but rather as its inveterate defenders and apologists. Thus their contributions to political debate have been largely limited to policy prescriptions that merely build on or seek to ameliorate the current structures of the American state and society, and anyone, on the left or on the right, who suggests a more radical deviation from those structures is denounced as an "extremist," a "bomb-thrower," and an "anti-American." Neoconservatism is thus fundamentally a defense of the status quo, a political formula with which the dominant left can be content because it does not seriously challenge the premises and power structure that the left has constructed and uses for its own hegemony.

When the neocons at *First Things* arrive at the conclusion that something really is wrong in America, and when they start muttering about the possible "illegitimacy" of the "regime," then, what they are driving toward is something very close to paleoconservatism. What the dispute reveals is the emergence of a paleoconservative tendency among the neoconservatives at Neuhaus's magazine, and what the hysterical reaction of the senior neocons to the symposium represents is a determination to squelch this tendency before it begins to blossom into a full-blown paleoconservative defection that would leave the neocon sagamores perched on the roofs of their own wigwam while the waters of right-wing dissidence swirl ever higher and ever closer to their noses. When Podhoretz writes to Neuhaus that "I did not become a conservative in order to be a radical," that he has no intention of discussing the legitimacy of the regime—"not again, not twice in a single lifetime, not after going around and around that track 25 and 30 years ago"—he is not talking merely about his break with the left but also about his and his fellow neocons' decade-long effort to housebreak the American right into a tame running dog of history.

Yet, to be sure, Podhoretz and his friends have a point. A good deal of the discussion of "legitimacy" in the *First Things* symposium is careless, if not outright ignorant, of elementary political theory. In the first place, the whole symposium is couched in terms of the Henry David Thoreau-William Lloyd Garrison-Martin Luther King concept of legitimacy, whereby any deviation of a political order from a privately perceived and vaguely defined "higher law" or "dictate of conscience" justifies disobedience, if not outright resistance. Throughout its pages the symposium sports sidebars of quotations from King and Garrison, and several of the contributors assume the validity of a dubious equivalence between abortion and slavery or segregation. Most of them seem to be unaware that in classical political philosophy, such subjective standards for resistance are impermissible. Classical as well as traditional Christian political theory holds that disobedience is incumbent on the subject only when the regime commands *him* to violate generally known and accepted divine, natural, or human law, and instances of such passive disobedience are known in both history and literature—Socrates, commanded by the Thirty Tyrants to commit murder, simply ignored their order and went home; Antigone, in Sophocles' tragedy, insisted on obeying the divine law of burying her brother, despite Creon's explicit command not to do so; Sir Thomas More, commanded to take the Oath of Supremacy to Henry VIII, refused and was executed; and in our own time one might cite the example of Private Michael New, who, ordered to wear a foreign military uniform, refused to obey on the grounds that doing so would violate his own oath of loyalty to the U.S. Constitution.

In none of these cases did any of the principals maunder on about the "legitimacy of the regime," try to instigate general disobedience, or seek to raise rebellion against it. In all of them they did what they believed God and law commanded and refused to violate those commands at the behest of earthly powers, and all of them were willing to pay the price of their disobedience. As More himself put it on the scaffold, "I die the King's good servant—but God's first."

Nowhere does the Neuhaus symposium dwell on the important distinctions between these cases and those of contemporary America. Today, no one is commanded to have or perform an abortion or to suffer or perform euthanasia. The laws to which the *First Things* symposiasts object are permissive, not com-

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pulsive, and how one might "resist" such permissive laws is never clear. Pour chicken blood on abortion clinics? Kill abortionists? By embracing the subjectivist doctrine of disobedience of Garrison and King (to whom Neuhaus himself was an aide), the *First Things* contributors come very close to embracing the very dangerous logic of that position. Once you have decided that the state does not conform to the "higher law" as revealed to your own conscience (which is easily confused with your own interests, preferences, and passions) and that you have the duty to make it conform, then there is no limit to how far you will go. Thoreau and Garrison lead ineluctably to the terrorism of John Brown; King leads unavoidably to the real bomb-throwing of the Weathermen.

Finally, for all the tremulous insinuation of desperate deeds in the Neuhaus symposium, none of the contributors bothers to explore very seriously the obvious legal and political remedies for the woes of which they complain. Judge Bork does indeed comment on the futility of both reason and reform in trying to restrain the courts in recent decades, and he suggests some constitutional amendments to correct the courts, but he is none too sanguine about the prospect of doing so. Yet in truth there are many corrective measures that neither the neoconservatives nor the Republican Party has even attempted to sponsor. They could seek to limit the appellate jurisdiction of the courts; they could encourage governors and local officials simply to ignore and disobey illicit court mandates; they could impeach justices and judges; they could even muster more opposition to judicial nominations than the Republicans in the two years of their majority in Congress have shown any disposition to do; and they could also make life very unpleasant for the courts, reducing judges to salaries of one dollar a year, terminating their clerical support, and throwing them out of their offices into the streets. The fact is that the judges, like the Pope, have no battalions, no instruments of force with which to back up their decrees, and without such instruments, they can construct a tyranny only with the passive or active cooperation of the slaves they seek to rule.

Indeed, many of the complaints lodged against the courts by the *First Things* crowd are hardly new. The courts have been abusing the Constitution and handing down illicit commands to states and localities for at least 50 years, and while paleoconservatives have developed an extensive and sophisticated critique of these trends, neoconservatives have been largely silent. Where was Richard John Neuhaus when conservatives were peppering the countryside with billboards demanding the impeachment of Earl Warren? He was at the side of "Dr." King, helping that fanatic destroy the fabric of constitutional government at the behest of the Warren Court and its twisted reading of the Constitution. If it's an "illegitimate regime" you're looking for, you don't have to wait for court decisions on abortion and euthanasia; we have had nothing but an illegitimate regime in the United States for the last 50 years, a government dedicated to destroying the Constitution, gutting the restraints on federal power, and subverting the cultural norms and institutions of American society. Now, when the courts have at last touched on the religious dogmas that Father Neuhaus and his symposiasts find untouchable, they have finally concluded that the "regime" really is illegitimate and are full of all sorts of ill-considered instructions as to what they and the rest of us must do about it. But the principles of constitutional subversion invented by the Warren Court in its decisions of the 1950's (and indeed the New Deal Court of the 1930's and 40's) are the very same principles applied in the cases to which Neuhaus and his colleagues object today. It's about time they arrived at what should have been clear and was clear to many Americans years ago. Their stumbling perception that something is wrong is welcome, but to tell the truth it's just a few decades too late.

Nevertheless, it is a perception to which more and more Americans, conservatives or not, are being driven. Father Neuhaus's neoconservative critics no doubt sense this and know where such perceptions will eventually lead, and that is why their response to the symposium sounds so much like the shrill screaming of a trapped and dying animal. The value of the *First Things* debacle is that it once again rips the mask away from the real face of the movement to which the American right has attached itself, and it offers some hope that in the future those who remain wedded to that movement will be exposed as the apologists for the regime that they are. As the socially destructive and politically repressive character of the federal leviathan becomes increasingly obvious to more and more Americans and to more and more "mainstream conservatives," those who insist on standing with Podhoretz and his allies as defenders of a power structure that everyone else has come to reject will find their footholds increasingly slippery and their company increasingly small. c

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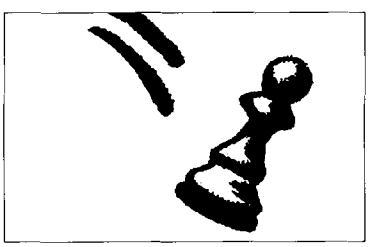

SIR DICK, DAME JANE

In an effort to boost the self-esteem of underachieving 16-year-olds, the British government has approved a new examination. According to the *Sunday Telegraph*, the new test awards points to students for getting their names, the names of their schools, and the date correct. In the math section, teenagers are shown five pencils and asked to count them and identify the longest one. Nick Seaton of the Campaign for Real Education said: "This exam is hopeless. An average seven-year-old should be able to do it. It is a waste of time and totally stupid, just part of the 'all must have prizes' syndrome."

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Letter From London

by Derek Turner

Peking-on-Thames

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Cross Shaftesbury Avenue going south toward Leicester Square, and you leave homosexual London for Peking-on-Thames. Decorative oriental-style iron gates, like in some 18th-century pleasure garden, mark the various entrances to the small area which is officially designated "Chinatown." Oriental shops, restaurants, hairdressers, travel agents, and apothecaries selling Chinese medicines are crammed along and spill over Chinatown's permeable borders, like a medieval city whose population has grown too large. It is as if the inhabitants are seeking *Lebensraum* in the expensive *purlieus* of "Theatreland." The old De Hems Coffee House—now a bar—right outside the northern gate, is like a customs post, and seems immediately threatened with absorption into a greater Chinatown.

In this little rectangle bordered by Shaftesbury Avenue, Charing Cross Road, Leicester Square, and Wardour Street, first developed by Nicholas Barbon (son of the infamous "Praise-God Barebones") as an aristocratic residential neighborhood, the London air is filled with the smell of Chinese food and the sound of Chinese talking and laughing. The street signs are bilingual. (Not so obviously, a large part of Westminster Lending Library beside the Garrick Theatre is devoted to Chinese-language books and periodicals.) Shops, greengrocers, and restaurants line the pedestrianized streets, and every window displays massive jars of exotic roots, internal organs, and other "medicines," posters and publications in Chinese characters, bright red chickens depending from hooks, and overly pale, quivering piles of dead crustaceans and invertebrates. A solitary live eel (£1.95/lb.) waves his rear end apathetically in a large yellow barrel, awaiting his impending doom.

Dotted in amongst the Chinese shops and restaurants are occasional British survivals—Ladbroke's betting shop, the King's Head pub, with its quietly smiling faces and homely lamps painted disconcertingly onto the glass of the first floor windows, a shop selling secondhand pop records, tapes, and CDs, Council litter bins and occasional Westminster Borough notices pasted up on lampposts or on the windows of briefly untenanted premises. One could easily imagine oneself in Shanghai International Settlement or modern Hong Kong, a notion reinforced by the sight of Metropolitan policemen and women on patrol, and besuited, white, male office workers towering over gesticulating Chinamen and women, walking along Gerrard Street down toward Charing Cross station and trains home to Kent. Visitors from Japan or China photograph themselves excitedly in front of the Chinese sculptures and shop-fronts. Bewildered European and American tourists wander through, looking as though they had been expecting something else. Starlings pick at squashed things in the gutters, and fly off toward their winter roosts in Leicester Square when disturbed. Groups of provincial "lads" out for the night stumble drunkenly but good-humoredly in search of the strip bars of Soho, and shaven-headed homosexuals with rucksacks hurry through the throng to cross Shaftesbury Avenue in the opposite direction.

This part of the city does not seem to remember its past glories. The Turk's Head tavern in Gerrard Street, Chinatown's main thoroughfare, where Johnson, Reynolds, and the others started The Club, is now the Loon Moon Supermarket, and pictures of topless Chinese girls cut from the magazines on sale inside are pinned to a noticeboard outside the door. Former residents of Gerrard Street include John Dryden, Edmund Burke, James Boswell, James Gibbs the architect, and Charles Kemble the actor, and Chesterton and Belloc first met in 1900 at the old Mont Blanc restaurant.

But it is not all doom and gloom. In 1850, Friedrich Engels lodged around the corner, in Macclesfield Street, now also almost entirely Chinese. He, at least, has gone. Some of what is now Chinatown has undoubtedly improved in the last 100 years, particularly what is now Newport Court, formerly known as "Butchers' Row," described in 1872 as a "fountain of foul odors." The old Newport Market was described in an 1880's police report as "a veritable focus of every danger which can menace the health and social order of a city." The report's authors concluded that "it would be an act of true philanthropy to break up this reeking home of filthy vice." Even the recently documented presence of major criminal Tong activity in Chinatown does not permit modern Chinatown to qualify as a "reeking home of filthy vice."

It is very different from the old Chinese settlement in Limehouse in the East End, recorded so memorably in the works of Sax Rohmer and Thomas Burke, the latter himself an East Ender. Begun in the 1890's by sailors, colonization centered in what is now the remarkably characterless road called Pennyfields, just north of the tower at Canary Wharf. It probably only ever had a maximum of 2,500 inhabitants at any one time, but the perfervid Victorian imagination seized upon half-romantic, half-fearful notions of opium dens (opium smoking was only banned in 1916), gambling houses and illegal drinking shops populated by cruel, mustachioed, pigtailed, yellow men with masks for faces. The classic example of this popular image is Rohmer's Fu Manchu, who hatched many of his plots for world domination in secret bases beneath the

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Thames. In stark contrast, in Goldsmith's *The Citizen of the World*, Lien Chi Altangi, is portrayed as an urbane Western gentleman, albeit with a slightly flowery turn of phrase, and Burke's short story characters are at least as gentle and sensitive as other people, like Cheng Huan, the poet who attempts to rescue a Cockney girl from her brutal and drunken father in *The Chink and the Child*. (It may be of anthropological interest to note that the Cockney rhyming slang term for somebody Chinese is "Tiddley," as in "Tiddleywinks," whose second syllable, of course, rhymes with "Chinks.")

The caricature and the romance survived Victoria. Travel writer and journalist H.V. Morton, in his 1940 essay *Fan-Tan*, wrote: "The squalor of Limehouse is that strange squalor of the East which seems to conceal vicious splendour. . . . As you go on . . . past hunched figures who give way before you, it seems that, at any moment, you might stumble on the key to the mystery; that you might open a filthy door and find yourself in a palace sweet with joss-sticks, where queer things happen in a mist of smoke . . . such silence in den and in street; the uncanny silence of people who do not think as we think, whose ways are not our ways." The caricature became an affectionate one when George Formby described the industrious Chinese laundryman in his *Chinese Laundry Blues*: "Oh, Mr. Wu! / He's got a naughty eye that flickers / You should see him smiling when he's ironing ladies' [pause] blouses / Oh Mr. Wu! / What can I do? / I'm feeling kind of Limehouse Chinese laundry blues."

Even though we are all official residents of the "global village," and despite the unobtrusiveness of the Sino-Britons themselves, a sense of difference persists today. There is something wonderfully *outré* about this reverse colony in the center of one of the major Western cities.

Luckily, this sense of strangeness is not accompanied by vague resentment on the part of the indigenes. Sino-Britons seek nothing more than to get on with their lives. They are not interested in minority grievance politics. They are self-contained and largely self-supporting. They are not a drain on welfare. Chinese food is very popular, its downmarket image notwithstanding. Most importantly, so far there are relatively few people of Chinese origin living in the U.K. One can only hope that the probable—and probably large-scale—influx from Hong Kong due later this year into what is already an overcrowded island will not drown England's sense of wonderment in a sense of England drowning.

Derek Turner is the editor of Right Now!, *published in London.*

Foreign Correspondences

by William Mills

Bulgarian Autumn, Part I

Alexandr Nevsky Cathedral, Sophia.

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Rather than dropping out of the sky into Bulgaria at the Sophia airport as I did, travelers would be better advised to enter by other ways. Driving up from Greece through the Rhodope mountains would be one appealing way. Another fascinating approach would be to sail into the Black Sea city of Varna or the town of Nesebăr. The beauty of Bulgaria would strike one straightaway. Either of these land or sea routes postpones the inevitable blow of the Marxist "architecture" in the old Soviet Empire, a blow which has set back beauty by 100 years or so. The economies of Eastern Europe will have to improve dramatically before they can raze these buildings. The good news is that since many are very poorly built, they will not survive as long as the striking Roman amphitheater in Plovdiv, or the exquisite Backova monastery.

I was in Bulgaria partly because of the presidential elections. The office of the prime minister, which is the more powerful, was not up for a vote. This was just as well, for the present Bulgarian Socialist Party (BSP), after being in office for about a year and a half, is extremely unpopular. The government allowed grain to be exported last year, and since domestic grain prices are kept artificially low, grain producers sold to the world market. Now there is a real grain crisis; there are long lines at the bakeries, and in some towns bread is rationed. The Bulgarian monetary unit, the lev, has steadily lost value in relation to the dollar. This time last year, with BSP in control, the lev was 70 to the dollar; last July it was 188, and in December it was 560-600 to the dollar. Naturally this affects inflation and interest rates. Inflation is expected to be over 200 percent for the year, and interest rates are well over 100 percent! Bulgarian families on average spend a little more than half their income on food.

All of this is not just the result of the BSP in the last two years. As in so many ex-Soviet bloc countries, the politicians and bureaucrats in place at the time of the "changes" have generally resisted privatization. Insofar as some businesses are privatized, they are funneled to cronies of government officials, financed by spurious bank loans. (The Orion financial group is a good example, and its shenanigans have cast a long shadow over the current prime minister, Zhan Videnov.) Meanwhile the people are being robbed, and Swiss bank accounts continue to swell. To a great extent, therefore, the October election reflected this discontent.

The principal opponent of the BSP is the United Democratic Forces (UDF), an alliance of 15 parties and movements which include the Democratic Party, part of the Agrarian Party, part of the Christian Democrats, and also ethnic Turks. It must be said that while some of these coalition partners were in power from November 1991 to October 1992, they opposed mass privatization, too.

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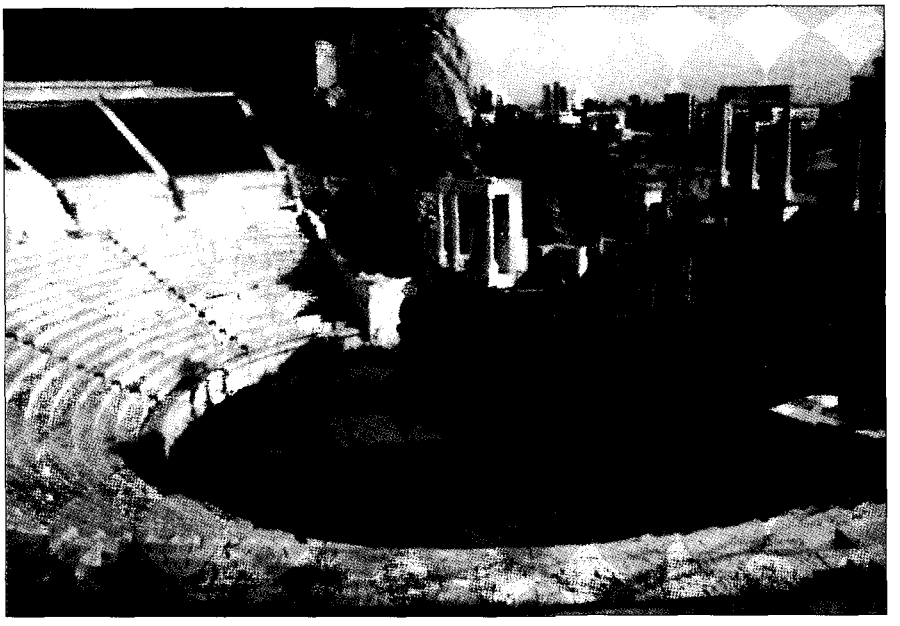
The political reason for this is no mystery. Bringing about the necessary structural changes will be painful for some time. It's much like asking someone to give up cocaine for the future rewards of a drug-free life; sacrificing the illusion of the free lunch of communism for the more realistic economic rewards tied directly to individual work is not a sermon any politician wants to preach with his eye on an election one or two years away.

Bulgarians are justifiably cynical about their politicians. I was told that a high police official drives a rare Mercedes that costs over $500,000. Some staff car! Just before I left for Bulgaria (but after I had bought my ticket), the former BSP Prime Minister, Andrey Lukanov, was assassinated in front of his house. Several days earlier he had announced that he was going to reveal widespread corruption in the government run by his own party. While I was there, one of the investigators working on the Orion scandal was bombed, but he survived.

Sometimes, a dark humor helps Bulgarians get by. Two comedians ran for president, and their photographs appeared regularly in the newspapers. One of my favorites was of them appearing before the country's main prison, saying that they wanted to see where they would be living after they were elected. They drew, incidentally, one percent of the vote.

One of my great fortunes was to link up with Bulgaria's premier photojournalist, Ivo Hadjimishev. He has worked for international wire services, exhibited in numerous international one-man shows, and currently is the photographic editor for *Sega*, Bulgaria's equivalent of *Time* magazine, which self-consciously follows *Time*'s layout. Ivo comes from a distinguished family, his grandfather having served as ambassador to England, his father producing operas all over the world and films in Bulgaria. His wife's father, Valeri Petrov, is likewise a filmmaker and a well-known poet.

I mentioned an interest in the archaeology of the country, specifically Thracian, and it so happened that Ivo had photographed the famous Thracian collection in Varna, on the Black Sea coast. The curator of the collection was the current Minister of Culture, Ivan Marazov, who was the BSP candidate for president. Further, Ivo was friends with the archaeologist Ivan Ivanov, who had excavated the entire necropolis, and so off to Varna we went.



Roman Amphitheater, Plovdiv.

In antiquity the Thracians had occupied a region with east and west boundaries roughly corresponding to modern Bulgaria, a northern one north of the Danube in present-day Rumania, and finally south to the Aegean, the Black Sea, and the Sea of Marmara. They spoke an Indo-European language, but had no script or literature of their own. Some of what we know comes from Greek and Roman sources, which often are pejorative. Homer mentions the Thracians, and Herodotus describes them as more numerous than the people of India though unwilling to unite and thus unable to become the most powerful nation. The Greeks often looked upon the Thracians as troublesome neighbors, which they no doubt were.

The Thracians inhabited this region even before the earliest Greeks (Achaeans or Mycenaeans) made their way south to what is now called Greece. Thracians even preceded Greeks to important islands in the northern Aegean, e.g., Samothrace, Lemnos, Lesbos, and Chios. Early relations between Greeks and Thracians are evident in the *Iliad*, although they are fighting with each other. The Thracians were on the side of the Trojans. Later, as the intrepid Greek merchants and sailors made their way along the Thracian Black Sea coast, they established several cities in what is now Bulgaria: Apollonia Pontica (today's Sozopol), Mesambria (Nesebăr), and Odessos (Varna). The relationship was then one of trade. The Greeks sold wine, olive oil, furniture, and weapons, and in return got slaves, farm produce, and hides.

Michael Grant observes that one of the main aspects of the relationship was the diffusion of Thracian religious ideas. A goddess of the chase and fertility was identified with Artemis, a war-god with Ares. More importantly, perhaps, there is strong evidence that Dionysius had Thracian origins, although there is scholarly debate about this. Orpheus, too, is thought to have had Thracian origins.

Varna, a very pleasant coastal city, has had inhabitants at least since paleolithic times. Archaeological evidence reveals Greek, Roman, and Ottoman occupation. The remains of the Roman baths are still to be seen. At the archaeological museum, Ivan Ivanov showed us around, and of course we spent plenty of time looking at the Thracian collection. Scholars are having to rethink the beginnings of European civilization after the excavation of the necropolis, because radiocarbon dating now places it at the end of the Stone-Copper (Chalcolithic) Age—the fifth millennium B.C. The artifacts, especially the golden scepters, reflect a hierarchical, not a classless, society, and a high degree of development. Metallurgy flourished, as did agriculture and animal husbandry. Incidentally, a Thracian exhibit is coming to the States within a year or two.

While we were in Varna, we visited what is known as Karin Dom, a facility for handicapped children which has just

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Archaeologist Ivan Ivanov and a Thracian burial in Varna.

recently gone into operation and has an interesting beginning. Just before World War II, Ivan Stanchov came to the United States, where he worked for IBM and through business became well off. His family had their property confiscated when the communists took over. After the "changes" of 1989 in Bulgaria, very slowly some of the property has been returned to rightful owners. A family home overlooking the Black Sea was returned to Stanchov, and he donated it for the foundation helping handicapped children. One of his relatives had suffered from cerebral paralysis, but even so, she helped children all her life. The home is named for her. Ivo was covering the story of Karin Dom for *Sega* magazine.

Currently there are about 50 kids at Karin Dom, although there are at least 100 in Varna alone who need the help. The parents participate in the therapy, sometimes receiving counseling themselves. The hallmark of the method used at Karin Dom is for the children to play an active part in the therapy and not just have things done for them, whether it's finger painting or singing, and we heard a lot of singing while we were there. Ivo remarked that it was good for his magazine to cover something besides just the election, politics, and the economy—in other words, something positive being done by people who were not on the take. Watching the kids throw themselves into their singing and painting was very moving.

Before we left Varna, the dark horse candidate for president, Georg Ganchev, showed up at a political rally in a huge theater in a mall. The place was jampacked. The program was a real roadshow, with Ganchev's own singing group, plus an assembly of Bulgarian folk dancers. After the fine dancing and singing, Ganchev led off his speech by saying, "Now isn't that a lot better than all this American pop music?" I could not have agreed with him more. One of the minor exasperations of life in modern Bulgaria, and I might add all over the Slavic world, is the incessant loud music with beats that can knock you out of your chair. Every morning in my Sophia hotel, the Slavyanska Besseda, I sat in a deserted dining room for breakfast and was deafened by imitation American and European rock.

Ganchev is a curious, sometimes semi-absurd figure. He is a tall, large man, with a heavy Slavic mustache, and not incidentally he has been a world professional fencing champion. His fencing led to his teaching fencing to actors, then to acting, directing, and singing professionally, a great deal of which occurred in England and the United States. A paperback book on his life was handed out at the political rally; the book documented much of this activity and included a lot of promotional photos of most of his adult life, including his two or three wives. Nothing was too trivial to include: a fourth place win in a "World of Poetry" contest, a certificate from the governor of Oklahoma declaring him an honorary citizen, and, amusingly, a letter from Jane Fonda *turning down* an invitation to a film festival in Bulgaria "this or next summer."

But politics and elections in Bulgaria have become so full of despair and low comedy, as in the United States, that the crowd is often looking for some relief, and they got it from Georg. Every minute or so he would conclude his criticism of the government by declaring that he would "take a stick of wood" to this minister, that politician. When the final results came in, Ganchev had pulled 20 percent of the votes and, as I recall, only two percent less than the Bulgarian Socialist Party.

On the way back to Sophia, we swung south briefly in order to visit a little jewel of a town, Nesebăr. The colonies of Miletus had controlled most of the trade in the area, but this one was started by Megara. Later, when Roman power took over, Vespasian founded a colony of Roman veterans here, perhaps to counterbalance the Greek population. Today what is especially visible are the early Byzantine churches in various stages of completeness. The one called the Old Metropolis is very likely fifth century. Especially for an American, whose country is so young and where evidences of early man go back a mere 10 or 20 thousand years, it is exhilarating to sit by the Black Sea here and contemplate the rise and fall of peoples and empires, and even to turn an anxious eye toward what is coming for his own.

Back in the capital on the next day, a Sunday, the election got underway. After visiting a voting precinct, I strolled over to the magnificent Alexandr Nevsky Cathedral and listened to the powerful voices of the Orthodox choir, some of whose members sing for the National Opera. The cathedral was built in this century to commemorate the 200,000 Russian soldiers who died helping to liberate Bulgaria from Turkish domination. Below the church in the crypt is a fine collection of icons. I think this was the first time I have seen one depicting the child Jesus playing. There is little play or humor in Biblical stories, which is a pity, I think, considering the stories of Greek religion. Southern preachers in America, black and white, always had a store of funny stories or anecdotes to illustrate their traditional "three point sermons."

The results of the election? UDF's Petar Stoyanov won by a healthy margin, the ex-communists were rejected handily. As I said, Ganchev the fencing champion almost beat the ex-communists. In the runoff election in November, UDF took 60 percent of the vote. A Bulgarian friend of mine in the States told me gleefully that her parents had voted for the comedians in the first election. Unfortunately, the comedians did not get to run in the second primary in November.

Matters are more problematic back in the States; it's much harder to tell the clowns from the jerks. To put this in focus, someone was judging the Tongue-

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Slipper Award for the recent Louisiana legislative session and had to choose between Representative John Travis (Democrat, Jackson) saying, "I can't believe that we are going to let a majority of the people decide what is best for this state," and Representative Cynthia Willard-Lewis (Democrat, New Orleans) declaring, "This amendment does more damage than it does harm." Keep working at it, Bulgaria.

William Mills is a novelist and poet whose latest work of fiction is Properties of Blood. *Photographs were taken by the author.*

Letter From New York City

by Nicholas Stix

The War on White Teachers

◆

"It's a new day, and a new way!" exulted Adelaide Sanford on television in early 1988. A black supremacist and member of the New York City Board of Education, Sanford was the candidate for schools chancellor of the Reverend Al Sharpton and "activist attorneys" Alton Maddox and C. Vernon Mason (both of whom have since been forced to leave the law), the same three men who later that year brought us the Tawana Brawley hoax.

Rita Altman has learned just what Adelaide Sanford meant. A white teacher at P.S. 80 in Jamaica, Queens, Altman was accused in December 1995 of having called one student "a fat nigger" and others "a bunch of niggers." Denying the charge, Altman survived a District 28 school board vote last March 4 and a threat by Chancellor Rudy Crew to fire her and remove the board, after Crew's investigator (contradicting the board's findings) supported the charge. The Reverend Charles Norris, the head of Queens Clergy for Political Awareness, has confessed that *it doesn't matter to him* if Altman really said the N-word. As he told *Newsday* reporter Merle English, "We're not going to sit still and have this teacher just get away with what allegedly has been said. Whether it's true or not, her effectiveness as a teacher has been damaged. How is she going to teach effectively in any school where students will be whispering, 'That's the teacher that used the N-word'?" Reverend Norris has vowed that his group will hunt Altman down at any school to which she is transferred, and prevent her from teaching.

We may never know what really happened in Rita Altman's classroom on November 30, 1995, but we do know that the comically improbable charges came *a full week* after the incident supposedly occurred. At P.S. 80, white faces are few and unwelcome. White, New York public school teachers do *not* use racial slurs, and are paranoid about the *perception* of having said anything, however innocuous—even in private conversations—that could remotely be construed as being "racially insensitive." Had Altman used the epithet, she would have needed a police escort out of the building that day. Yet, it took activists—including black teachers suspected of having framed Altman—seven days to "revive" the children's memories. This case cries out for a civil rights investigation.

Last June, United Federation of Teachers (UFT) Spokesman Ron Davis told me that charges of white teachers using racial epithets (as opposed to "showing racial insensitivity") are exceedingly rare, and cause for automatic dismissal; union policy is to support members who deny such charges.

The March 4 school board meeting was attended by the Reverend Al Sharpton, and about 70 "activists" whom Robert "Sonny" Carson had brought from Brooklyn. Convicted kidnapper Carson has led violent "boycotts" terrorizing Korean greengrocers, and in 1991 helped incite the Crown Heights pogrom. Conservative Democratic Club Chairman Jeff Wiesenfeld and another witness said that despite having been deserted by the UFT and all local elected officials, Altman bravely argued that she had been denied due process. Wiesenfeld said that Carson's supporters "called those teachers who came in defense of their colleague 'white Jew bitches,' and said 'They should blow up more of your [Israeli] buses.' To me, this was very similar to the Tawana Brawley hoax. Our issue was that at any given time, just by rabble-rousing, you can be falsely accused. There have been problems all along with people who have deeply resented that white teachers teach black children. That there are people like myself who had black teachers seems to be of little consequence to them."

The Rita Altman case continues a tradition that began with the Ford Foundation-financed experiment in "community control" in Ocean Hill-Brownsville, Brooklyn. On May 7, 1968, District Administrator Rhody McCoy summarily fired, without leveling any specific charges, 12 experienced white teachers, one black teacher, and six white administrators. The firing provoked New York's longest teachers' strike. (McCoy later rescinded the dismissal of the black teacher.) As Jim Sleeper noted in his book *The Closest of Strangers*, the community control separatists became known as "people who won't take *yes* for an answer." Before the strike, McCoy ally Sonny Carson had used his street soldiers to terrorize white teachers. In her book *The Great School Wars*, Diane Ravitch quoted the Reverend C. Herbert Oliver, the school board chairman working with McCoy, that "we were talking about hundreds of [white] teachers in Ocean Hill-Brownsville alone." The firing of the 12 was a mere opening act. The white teachers' jobs were to be given to uneducated "community people" and parents, and Southern black and Puerto Rican teachers who lacked New York State Certification. Ravitch recalled McCoy's announcement "to the press that unspecified vigilante action would prevent the ousted teachers from working elsewhere in the city: 'Not one of these teachers will be allowed to teach anywhere in this city. The black community will see to that.'" Meanwhile, McCoy introduced the sort of Afrocentric, "self-esteem" curriculum that today is holy writ in many (often corrupt) failing districts. Celebrating illiteracy and innumeracy as expressions of a "black learning style," Afrocentrism teaches that all black children are the property of the "African" community ("it takes a village"); as a racially inferior foreigner, no "European" adult has the right to correct or discipline a black child. During the strike, McCoy kept the schools open, as inexperienced black (and a few well-to-do, young white Marxist) ideological shock troops continued to teach. McCoy insisted that due to enhanced self-esteem, pupils' performances had risen dramatically. Howev-

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er, following the strike, tests showed that their performance had actually deteriorated.

Soon thereafter, the practice of social promotion and race-based hiring took hold in the city's schools. As school performance plummeted, ever more dollops of racial self-esteem were demanded. Illiterates graduated from high school, and continued on to the City University of New York, which in 1970 switched from a selective to an "open" admissions policy, soon thereafter introducing social promotion to higher education. According to the UFT, 80-90 percent of the city's teachers are CUNY graduates. What had been the nation's finest system of urban public education had come to resemble that of a Third World nation.

During the late 1980's and early 90's, I was a case worker for abused and neglected black children. In 1989, while returning one of my kids to her foster home in Brooklyn's battle-scarred East New York section, Latoya saw her third-grade teacher in the same subway car. A beautiful, clever eight-year-old, Latoya sought in vain to introduce us. The teacher scowled silently at me. A few months later, I found an old spelling bee in Latoya's school bag. The teacher had given her an "A," marking only one word out of 20 wrong. In fact, Latoya had misspelled *seven* words, earning only a "D." In 1995, I recounted the story to a Puerto Rican CUNY professor who had spent 20 years in the Board of Education's testing and evaluation branch. Had the teacher let students grade their neighbors' papers, without checking them? Had she inflated their grades to bolster their self-esteem? Was the teacher herself illiterate? The professor responded, "Anything's possible."

One legacy of Ocean Hill-Brownsville is that today pupils are routinely awarded "certificates of merit" for no reason. A secretary from Brooklyn named Theresa tells of the time her daughter Tina brought home a certificate: "I'd ask her what the award was for and she couldn't tell me, so I'd just rip it up. I said, 'Don't be bringing these things home, if you can't tell me what they're for.' One day she came home from school and said, 'Mommy, they gave me an award in school today, but I tore it up, because I didn't know what it was for.'" Theresa had sent Tina to a non-Afrocentric, black private school for the first grade, but with cash running short switched to public school the following year. She made

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additional sacrifices to reenroll the child in private school for the third grade, where she thrived anew.

During the early 1990's, the city planned an Afrocentric Ujamaa Institute restricted to black (and Hispanic, i.e., honorary black) boys, and hiring exclusively black men. The threat of a court challenge caused the Board to allow for black and Hispanic females, as well. Officially, the school does not exist at present.

If Chancellor Rudy Crew has his way, Brawleyesque hoaxes and Ujamaa Institutes will no longer be necessary to rid New York of the plague of white teachers. For Jeff Howard has come to town. Howard is a racial re-educator who made over one million dollars in Tacoma, Washington, and Sacramento, California, off contracts let by Rudy Crew, then in charge of the local school systems. Like Bill and Hillary, Crew and Howard are a "two-for-one, blue-plate special."

Jeff Howard's Lexington, Massachusetts-based Efficacy Institute seminars instruct white teachers that they are racists. In The World According to Howard, there are only two kinds of whites: confessed racists and closet cases. Howard and Crew are convinced that without ever using racial epithets, white teachers make black children fail, by projecting attitudes of failure onto them. Since no evidence backs up such vague claims, there is no defense against them. "Confessing" that one is a racist could be cause for one's immediate termination. Yet a teacher who is taught to doubt her own motives, and whose students are encouraged to suspect her of racism and disrespect her, cannot function. Howard's seminars violate whites' constitutional rights to privacy, freedom of opinion, due process, and equal treatment under the law. Were he honest enough to draw the conclusions that necessarily follow from his premises, he would come out and say that only blacks may teach black students. Besides being illegal and racist, the same reasoning would preclude black teachers from teaching nonblack children.

While they are abusing white teachers, Efficacy's facilitators seek to increase black children's self-esteem, which will presumably improve their performance. Jeff Howard's program recalls the 1989 and 1991 pedagogy plans by black supremacists Leonard Jeffries and Ali Mazrui, of City College and the State University at Binghamton, respectively. Sponsored by then-New York State Commissioner of Education Thomas Sobol, the plans sought to raise the self-esteem of black children through teaching fiction as history and abusing white children. In all such plans lurks the spirit of Frances Cress Welsing.

As Diane Ravitch recently reported in *culturefront* magazine, rather than improving academic skills, self-esteem pedagogy results in black students who are poor at science thinking they are good at it. Teachers have complained vociferously in school districts where Howard's methods were tried. UFT spokesman Ron Davis told me last June, "We know that a lot of our members are concerned about the usefulness of [Efficacy]. The chancellor has assured us that it is not going to be brought in wholesale, and as such we do not feel obliged to make an assessment of it at this point." Board of Education Spokesman Frank Sobrino and Chiara Colletti ignored repeated requests for comment on Jeff Howard (as well as the Rita Altman case). Efficacy is quietly being brought in, one district at a time, to avoid the appearance of a conflict of interest on Chancellor Crew's part—or of a brainwashing campaign.

In *The Great School Wars*, Ravitch noted that for over 100 years, New York's public schools have seen one group after another of impoverished immigrants or migrants entrust their children to teachers who looked down on them, even when both were members of the same race or religion (Protestants teaching the Irish; German Jews teaching Russian Jews; American blacks teaching black West Indians), yet when the teachers were competent and the children motivated, the kids thrived.

Since the 1960's, the Board of Education has named open racists to prominent positions. Jim Sleeper has noted that former Deputy Chancellor Basil Mchawi (godfather of the Ujamaa Institute) called for a "racial revolution," while former Board member Adelaide Sanford sponsored pamphlets affirming black moral supremacy. Both are members of the Frances Cress Welsing school of black supremacy and racial genocide.

One of the dirty little secrets of New York's public schools is that thousands of teachers are functionally illiterate. Meanwhile, according to figures released in June 1996, student literacy declined by 12 percent over the previous year. And things are always much worse than reported, as tens of thousands of students in special education and bilingual classes are routinely kept out of the sample. In many of the most self-esteem oriented districts, 70 percent of students *included in the sample* read below grade level. Requiring all present and prospective city teachers to pass comprehensive literacy tests would constitute radical educational reform.

Thousands of black parents have "voted" on self-esteem pedagogy by removing their kids from the public schools, including Protestants who have enrolled their children in Catholic schools. Meanwhile, poor black public school children who excel at English and math are accused of acting "white," and are even beaten by other black kids. But white racism is the cause of all black woes. Got it, Ms. Altman?

Nicholas Stix is a writer living in New York.

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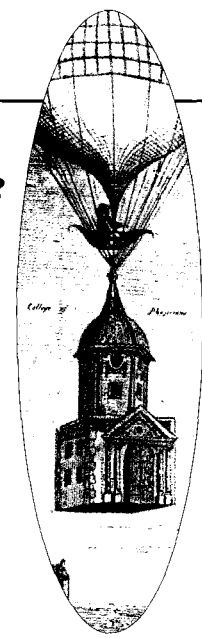

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Letter From Provence

by Geoffrey Wagner

Peter Mayle and All That

Eleven years ago an Englishman called Peter Mayle followed in so many of his countrymen's footsteps and, tired of rain and taxes, bought a house in sunny Provence. The book he wrote about his life there, truly no more than a bundle of anecdotes about funny foreigners and their enviable gastronomy, did remarkably well, despite duplications. The author made a mint and understandably produced a sequel, equally full of palatable clichés.

Evidently his fame drove so many thousands to his Provençal front door that he and his third wife were forced to abandon the place and remove to Long Island. Whence he gave us a talking canine (*A Dog's Life*), following in the paws of Rudyard Kipling (*Thy Servant A Dog*). Mayle's travel books, flimsy as they may be, served to remind me of my youth after the war when I first explored that classic area of Avignon, Arles, and Aix-en-Provence, not to mention the fleshpots of Nice and Cannes (in one of which I met a much-decayed "Willie" Maugham). If Mayle's books recently lured me back to the region, they also prompted me to escape the hordes and push on north to the Haute Provence, where, astonishingly, I found no tourists at all. It was as if I had been transported in time to when, thanks to a Vatican Count, I had seen the Sistina *alone*!

Just after the war, thanks to some felicitous connections, Coco Chanel lent a companion and myself her villa situated between Roquebrune and Menton called La Pausa. She was as happy to do so as I was to have the little library there to write in, one evidently used later, after the sale of the property, by Winston Churchill for his memoirs. For at the time Chanel needed the villa's occupancy, being scared of a seizure. After all, she had just scraped through a Free French *épuration* invigilation in Paris and gone to hole up in Switzerland at the Beau Rivage Hotel in Ouchy, by Lausanne.

There I found her frankly fairly nutty, paranoically anti-Pierre Wertheimer, if still strikingly beautiful. La Pausa was more dilapidated than its owner when I knew it, apart from both having shown signs of German occupancy. The proprietor, and her faithful maid, had been the only French citizens allowed to live on the Rue Cambon side of the Paris Ritz during occupation. Her chief German friend (though probably not her lover) had circumspectly fled to Sweden after hostilities, while her perfume workers at Grasse were up in arms (in mollification Chanel ordered free bottles of Number Five to be handed out to GIs entering Paris, before she herself left the capital). Finally, it should be remembered that her attorney at this time was the Comte de Chambrun (*père*) who was living with and later married Josette Laval, whose father was executed. By now all this is in the books, particularly one excellent biography of the tough little beauty. That La Pausa was rundown when I lived there was par for the course in the region; the same could have been said of Consuelo Balson's vast property at neighboring Eze. I was merely drawn to note the contrasts between then and the Maylian now.

First, there is of course the access, or fortunate lack of same. You may pick up a direct flight from New York to Nice, but you may not to Marseilles, whose airport has turned into a Kafkaesque security system, doubtless due to the influx of Algerians; in the line in front of me there I saw a priest having his socks lengthily inspected. Aix has been infected with much of the same, the leafy avenues of my youth now so many parking spaces, with single-occupancy, bullet-proof glass antechambers guarding the entrance to quite harmless-looking shops, such as pharmacies.

Meanwhile, if you are thinking of motoring from Paris to this lucky region take a St. Christopher medal with you. French autoroutes, unlike those in nearby Switzerland or Austria, are poorly marked, and if you get on the wrong one you are liable to be locked in for 50 kilometers or so. Stateside cloverleaf systems are much needed here. But to drive north for an hour or two toward the Haute Provence and the neighboring Luberon is to enter another world. My wife and I headquartered in charming, little-known Manosque which, with its narrow streets and sidewalk cafés set under chestnut trees, takes you back to early Renoir movies. In the fields around, carpeted with lavender, you are in the world of Jean Giono whose widow is still vividly alive though over 100. Virtual lakes of these lavender fields lie between Manosque and Fortqualquier; the only tourist trap in the region seems to be Moustiers Sainte-Marie, set in a superb site at the start of the Gorges de Verdon, but overpopulated with bicycle trippers when last I saw it.

Back, therefore, to the medieval hill village with their mouth-watering markets, like Riez and Valensole and, finally, little Fuste, where a two-flower restaurant awaits the weary traveler. These institutions make one sigh for France. In Fuste's leafy garden dark-suited waiters move about the tables with the somnambulist gravity of monks at prayer. Nothing unseemly disturbs the disposition of dishes which are shown the guest with the solicitude of one attending to an invalid or child. The kitchen is, of course, a place of art. Among the tables without the maître presides, a scholar in his own domain, ever watchful, never obstreperous. The wines tinkle out with the authority of the rivulets of the Durance nearby. And I have cause to reflect that despite the horrible modern world that of Provence has still retained its sanity. *Bon appétit*!

Geoffrey Wagner's translation of Gèrard de Nerval's Aurèlia *has just been reissued by the Exact Change Press of Boston.*

LIBERAL ARTS

PEACEKEEPERS OR PEDOPHILES?

Child prostitutes are reportedly comforting our men in blue. According to a report by Mozambique's former education minister, Graca Machel, U.N. soldiers on "peacekeeping" assignments have sought out the services of child prostitutes in six countries. Tribune News Services reported in December that U.N. Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali had launched an investigation of the charges, some of which involve children as young as 12 years old.

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FOREIGN POLICY

Au Revoir, Boutros

by Frank Ruddy

Boutros Boutros-Ghali, for all his hauteur and condescending ways, had an absolute genius for driving people crazy, as if there were an Inspector Clouseau within him trying to get out. In 1993, he went to Sarajevo and told those who had lost their families and homes to stop their bellyaching. He "could name 10 places in the world worse off." At a news conference for the beginning of the U.N.'s Year of Tolerance, he announced that Chinese dissidents would not be tolerated at the U.N. He barred them. At a ceremony at the National Archives, the Secretary General announced proudly that through quiet diplomacy, the U.N. had avoided "80 imminent wars." Which ones were they, the press asked. Boutros-Ghali did not know. And on and on. You could dine out on Boutros-Ghali's gaffes. Earlier this year the U.N.'s Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) gave its human rights award to former Haitian President Jean-Bertrand Aristide, certifiable lunatic and practitioner of necklacing, i.e., placing burning tires over the heads of political enemies. Boutros-Ghali may be gone, but as the UNESCO award indicates, his legacy lives on.

Last December, Boutros-Ghali was fired as U.N. Secretary General, and Kofi Annan of Ghana took over January 1. Last November, the Security Council had voted 14-1 in favor of a second term for Boutros-Ghali, but the United States vetoed that decision. Since Secretary Generals usually serve two terms and are selected on a rotating basis from the Americas, Africa, Asia, and Europe, the person selected to serve Boutros-Ghali's second term would also be an African, who would be chosen before the U.N. General Assembly adjourned in mid-December. The French, miffed at the United States dissing of the Paris-educated Boutros-Ghali, and sulking over the United States' refusal to let France reenter NATO as a commander of the U.S. Sixth Fleet, wanted to be sure of another French-speaking Secretary General and supported the Foreign Minister of the Ivory Coast. The United States favored the English-speaking Kofi Annan, the U.N. Undersecretary for Peacekeeping who had been the answer to the Clinton administration's prayers since taking over his peacekeeping role in March 1993. After several days of nasty fighting in the Security Council, the French blinked, and on December 13, Annan was in. "The French sold out easy," according to one U.N. watcher, trading its support for Annan for the right to select the next head of U.N. peacekeeping.

Five years ago, Boutros-Ghali was hired as Secretary General to reform the U.N. The U.N. still needs the reforms he was hired to make. On the 50th anniversary of the U.N., Republican Senator Nancy Kassebaum and Democratic Congressman Lee Hamilton, both U.N. supporters, wrote: "Today the U.N. is accountable to no one. Despite thousands of pages of budget documents prepared each year, we don't know how many employees it has, how funds are spent or which programs work. After a decade of 'no real budget growth' the budget was almost doubled." As Senator Jesse Helms pointed out in *Foreign Affairs* last year, the U.N. bureaucracy proliferated during Boutros-Ghali's watch, costs spiraled, and the U.N.'s mission expanded beyond its mandate while the U.N. itself changed from an organization of sovereign states into a quasi-sovereign state for which the United States pays $3.5 billion a year. Yet to hear Boutros-Ghali tell it, they done him wrong.

Boutros-Ghali had campaigned to be Secretary General by pledging to step down after one term. That was supposed to free him from political pressures to make radical reforms. But earlier this year Boutros-Ghali, who described himself to the *New York Times Magazine* as someone "who puts principle before diplomacy," reneged on his promise. "Only stupid people don't change their minds," he argued. When the White House said no way, Boutros-Ghali replied that the United States' rejection of him, as Egyptian and as the first African Secretary General, smacked of "racism."

How African was this first African Secretary General? Well, he ignored Arab enslavement of black Africans in Mauritania and Sudan, failed in Somalia, failed in Burundi, failed in Rwanda, and the U.N.'s shameful certification of the fraudulent election results in Angola guaranteed the resumption of a bloody civil war. He even failed in his own backyard, North Africa, because he would not blow the whistle on his old pal King Hassan of Morocco, who was stealing the U.N. referendum in Western Sahara. As Ghana-born scholar George Ayittey pointed out in the *Wall Street Journal*, the only Africa Boutros-Ghali represented was the Africa of his cronies, the kleptocratic African dictators who "clink champagne glasses" at O.A.U. galas while their countrymen go without shoes and medicine. I actually saw this for myself in Western Sahara. Boutros-Ghali was feted by King Hassan's representatives with whom he carried on in elegant French, but to the powerless local people whom Morocco was terrorizing, he used the most barbarous language, going so far as to respond to an inoffensive question by a local leader by saying "*fermez la*," the way you tell a dog to be quiet. Yet appearing as an African martyr to gain a little sympathy is nothing new for Boutros-Ghali. When the British press punctured his ego a while back over Bosnia, he pouted in print about why Fleet Street was so mean to him: "Maybe because I'm a wog."

Every Secretary General has one specific duty: manage the U.N. Not a glamour job perhaps, but an important one that Boutros-Ghali didn't spend much time on. "I don't think management issues are his favorites," deadpanned Madeleine Albright, who described Boutros-Ghali's U.N. as "elephantine." *Time* called it a "swamp." Australian Representative Richard Blitler believed the U.N. bureaucracy was "designed in Hell." Even Sir Brian Urquhart, on most occasions a U.N. cheerleader, described the U.N. as "a ridiculous group of foreigners spending American tax dollars." (A memorable and politically incorrect phrase-maker, it was Urquhart who said,

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when describing the savage beating he received from the Katanga forces in the Congo: "Better beaten than eaten.")

Joseph Connor, the new (since 1994) U.N. Undersecretary for Management said: "The U.N. is not designed for management. It defies oversight because there is no person who is chief executive of the organization." Connor ran Price Waterhouse before coming to the U.N. in 1994 to introduce the concept of management and is the one bright light at the U.N. He really has tried to phase out Who-do-you-know, the U.N.'s traditional method of hiring people, for a professional U.N. civil service; he tried to cut the workforce and reduce the U.N. budget, issues, as John Goshko reported in the *Washington Post*, "for which Boutros-Ghali did not have much enthusiasm." The reaction within the U.N. to Connor's reforms, Goshko noted, ranged from lip service to "outright foot-dragging from the top U.N. bureaucracy," and it says a great deal for Connor that he had any success at all in Boutros-Ghali's U.N. In 1993, his predecessor, Dick Thornburgh, former U.S. Attorney General and Governor of Pennsylvania, gave Boutros-Ghali a report on waste and fraud within the U.N. and proposed ways of saving over $100 million. As Thornburgh told the *Sunday Times* of London, Boutros-Ghali suppressed the report and "remaining copies were confiscated and in some cases shredded. This is the kind of shoot-the-messenger mentality that inhabits the upper levels of the U.N."

A good example of just how indifferent Boutros-Ghali was toward the wasting of American taxpayers' money is his handling of the United States' demand for a U.N. Inspector General with a free hand to investigate waste, fraud, and abuse within the U.N. Well, Boutros-Ghali did create an office with a long title, but it remains a joke. It cannot even make U.N. employees take it seriously; it cannot offer protection to those who do and cannot choose its own staff. How bad is it? In 1995, in the office's very first inspection, the inspecting officer investigating mismanagement at a peacekeeping mission prefaced his interview with a mission employee, a U.S. national named Mara Hanna, by saying: "Keep your mouth shut if you ever want to work for the U.N. again." She didn't keep her mouth shut and has been blackballed at the U.N. ever since. Instead of the Elliott Ness the United States wanted, Boutros-Ghali provided a Barney Fife.

There is nothing new in U.N. Secretary Generals trying to expand their power, but Boutros-Ghali was the Michael Milken of diplomatic ambition. His 1992 *Agenda for Peace* proposed that the U.N. get involved in civil wars around the world. That is called "assertive multilateralism" in U.N.-speak, or as people used to say, war. To do that, Boutros-Ghali wanted his own 10,000-man army. In his Oxford University speech, he called for worldwide taxes on things like airplane tickets to support his U.N. so he would not be dependent on the contributions of meddlers like the United States, who "have no diplomacy" and "complicate my job." Boutros-Ghali is, after all, someone who, despite the evidence of the 20th century, remains true to his socialist roots and still sees collective solutions to economic problems. Not surprisingly, his April 1996 *Foreign Affairs* article demonizes the market economy for driving large numbers of people around the world into "deeper poverty and despair," and sees the Secretary General as leading the U.N., the mother of all collectives, to the rescue. He concluded his article with a Clouseau-like sentence that had to produce a few chuckles in capitals around the world: "Nothing is more precious to the United Nations than its reputation."

You would think candidates for Secretary General would read like a top executive search for a Fortune 500 company, and that the U.N. might have appointed an Acting Secretary General for six months or a year in order to search out world-class candidates. Isaias Afwerki, the President of Eritrea, the newest African state, quite properly called the current process for selecting a Secretary General "senseless and futile." "The new Secretary General," Afwerki said, "should be the best possible candidate, regardless of where the person is from. Even talking as an African, why should he be an African? Why can't the candidate be the one with the most integrity who is qualified to make a lot of changes in the organization—whether that candidate comes from Europe, Asia, Africa, whatever?" Why not, indeed? Can you imagine IBM or EXXON deciding at Thanksgiving that its new chief executive had to be chosen before Christmas and only from a pool of candidates living in New England? Absurd as this sounds, this is essentially how the U.N. has chosen a Secretary General.

Kofi Annan, God willing, will serve as U.N. Secretary General into the next century. I have lived in Africa and gone to school in England and know a good many Ghanaians. I cannot think of one who is not a pleasure to be with, and Kofi Annan is by all accounts well liked and charming. But will he be the one at long last to put himself on record as standing for reform? Or will it be business as usual? For 30 years, Kofi Annan has worked in the U.N. with responsibilities for Planning, Budget and Finance, Personnel, and most recently Peacekeeping Operations, which means his fingerprints have been all over the most egregious failures in the United Nations. That is not encouraging. Nor is the fact that General Manfred Eisele, Kofi Annan's deputy for the past few years, could not remember Annan ever reducing a budget or eliminating a single program. Secretary General Annan did promise "to work with all member states to redefine the objectives of the organization," which would be fine if, as the U.N. Charter envisioned, the U.N. were an organization of peace-loving nations that protected human rights and the improved life for people around the world, but as former U.S. Ambassador Charles Lichenstein has pointed out, if those principles were taken seriously, two-thirds of the U.N.'s members would be expelled. We can hope and pray that Kofi Annan will experience a conversion like St. Paul's, give full rein to people like Joseph Connor, become a no-nonsense manager and reformer, and that the member states will cooperate with him. But barring divine intervention, it looks as if the election of Kofi Annan, career U.N. bureaucrat, as U.N. Secretary General, means we will have five more years of management-challenged leadership at the helm as the U.N. spins out of control.

Frank Ruddy is a former U.S. ambassador who spent 1994 working on the U.N. referendum for the people of Western Sahara.

Why Milošević Must Go

by Srdja Trifkovic

Experience teaches us that dictatorial regimes are anything but indestructible. They are inherently irrational and therefore unstable. Sooner or later they

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collapse. To reach ripe old age and die in bed, like Tito, is exceptional for a dictator; to set his country on the steady road to democratic reform, like Franco, is unique.

The method of bringing down dictatorial regimes varies: from *coup d'etat* (when it is usually another dictator who takes over), the lost war (when the new powers-that-be are installed by the victorious party), to popular revolt, often bloody and violent. The one method of changing governments which is alien to dictatorships is that of free and fair elections. Elections have never been able to terminate the tenure of a political power structure which refuses to regard the will of the people as the source of its legitimacy, or its legality.

The significance of what happened in Belgrade, Nis, and other Serbian cities on November 17 and thereafter is that we have the final proof that Serbia under Milošević is not even a nominal democracy, but a dictatorship of one man, his wife, and their motley crew of cronies, assorted thieves, ruffians, and scoundrels, variously known as the Socialist Party of Serbia, or the Yugoslav United Left, but aptly described by the people of Serbia as "Red Bandits."

Milošević's brazen theft of a clear victory from opposition parties has finally clarified an important issue. Until last November's election he could evoke some degree of electoral legitimacy. It was largely bogus, and based on gerrymandering of constituency boundaries, on his blatant control of the media, and on persistent fraud. Nevertheless, until mid-November his political opponents could delude themselves that it was still worth participating in elections stage-managed by Milošević, in spite of all such imperfections, in the hope that miracles could still happen.

By demolishing any such delusions, Milošević has unwittingly made a major contribution to the cause of democracy in Serbia. After November 17, it has become clear that Serbia's president will never, ever give up power through the ballot box. He has thus done a favor to all advocates of real political change in Serbia.

Some Western commentators have expressed surprise that Milošević did not want to give up power even at the level of city and municipal councils, since all key levers of state power would still remain in his hands. But they do not understand his personality. For Milošević, any alternative to his own power is not legitimate. Even the current facade of a multiparty system he allowed only under pressure, treating it as something odious and temporary. Any division of power, to him, is equal to the beginning of the end of power itself.

On the other hand, opposition parties and the people of Serbia are increasingly aware that this is the key moment for the country's future. Succumbing to Milošević's *Diktat* would be tantamount to the acceptance of rule by fiat, to the abolition of all parties and of the last vestiges of parliamentarianism. This awareness is finally beginning to transcend rivalries which have plagued Serbia's opposition over the past six years.

To them, one key dilemma remains: How to deal with the possibility of violence? It is unrealistic to expect that the regime which, for more than half a century, has brought nothing but blood, tears, and shame to the Serbian people, will ever give up without violence. Milošević is hoping to avoid it by attrition, hoping for gradual disillusionment, fatigue and loss of hope on behalf of the protesters, accompanied by some token concessions by the regime, and followed by "stabilization"—the like of which we have seen in East Berlin in 1953, in Budapest in 1956, and in Prague in 1968.

It may not work. Milošević's power structure is showing some signs of strain. One hundred judges have signed an open letter, having been shamed into condemnation of their pliant colleagues who have given the stamp of "legality" to the theft of opposition votes. His minister of information has resigned in protest at the muzzling of the remaining free media. His chief of army staff, General Perisic, is reliably reported to have told him that the military would refuse to be used again, as in March 1991, when tanks were deployed against demonstrators.

Milošević's last and most formidable bastion is provided by the middle-ranking apparatus of power. From Tito's days he has inherited thousands of communist *apparatchiki*, who had lost any pretense of ideological zeal but who were allowed, even encouraged, to grow more corrupt and arrogant than ever. Milošević trusts those local mini-bosses because he knows that they are up to their necks in shady deals, theft, corruption, and all manner of human baseness. He is well aware that this riffraff has no choice but to follow him to the bitter end. They have to, not because they are loyal to "the Big Boss" personally, but because for most of them the alternative to power is not retirement but well-deserved jail.

Another key source of hope for Milošević is the underlying support for him coming from Washington. It took more than a week of continuous street protests in Belgrade for the State Department to issue the first (mild) rebuke of Milošević. "The Serbian leader continues to be a necessary diplomatic partner," pontificated the *New York Times* in a November 28 editorial, while American diplomats in Belgrade were quietly advising protesters to refrain from demanding Milošević's resignation. Such ambivalence prompted the *Times* of London to bewail Western disregard for the "ruthlessly undemocratic nature" of the regimes in Serbia and Croatia, warning that the view of Milošević as a pillar of regional stability was inherently flawed.

By betraying the struggle for self-determination of the Serbs west of the Drina, by stabbing them in the back, Milošević was shrewdly hoping to purchase the lasting benevolence of those who run America. Indeed, it was with the skins of the Bosnian and Krajina Serbs that he has turned himself from "the butcher of the Balkans" into "a necessary partner." The current view inside the Beltway is that, for all his domestic transgressions, Milošević should stay in power. Surely enough, appropriate lip service is being paid to America's support for democracy in Serbia, and independent Belgrade media have been visited by a few itinerant congressmen. And yet, the Clinton administration is loath to see the fall of Milošević—the man willing to sign on the dotted line, provenly unable to say "no" to the likes of Dick Holbrook and Company.

There is a problem, though. The people of Serbia may present Clinton and Albright with an embarrassing *fait accompli*, and get rid of Milošević regardless of the "friendly" advice from Washington. Rather than wait for this to happen, America should reexamine its Balkan strategy. The more Milošević has given, the less he is needed now. Since the deal imposed at Dayton has become a fact of life for the opposition parties in Serbia, Milošević's position as an essential pillar of this settlement has ended. His influence over the Bosnian Serbs is in any event negligible.

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At a more fundamental level, the administration ought to grasp that Serbs, too, have legitimate interests which cannot be permanently violated with impunity. Those interests can be given full expression only by true democracy, and by its corollary, the right of Bosnian Serbs to self-determination. These are reasonable demands, based on the purest notion of *liberty*, and therefore eminently American in character.

The people of Serbia are facing a major test of endurance and political maturity, which only they themselves will pass—or fail. Sooner or later they are bound to put their nation back into the fold of European democracies, where it rightfully belongs. The United States should stop trying to postpone such an outcome in the name of short-term expediency and flawed concepts of regional stability.

Srdja Trifkovic is executive director of The Lord Byron Foundation for Balkan Studies.

* * *

UPDATE: The students' egg-and-whistle revolution against Slobodan Milošević attracted powerful support in early January, when the ruling council of the Serbian Orthodox Church condemned the president for his illegal and violent acts. A few days later, the head of the Yugoslav army declared that the army would not support Milošević in the event of a crackdown. English newspapers have also reported that officers and elite units of the Yugoslav army are ready to revolt. They are disgusted with Milošević's arbitrary annulment of election results and even more with his bloody failures in the Balkan War. Unfortunately, Serbs are a volatile people, all too likely to swing from one extreme—bellicose nationalism—to another, which in this case would be the multicultural social democracy being advocated by protest leaders.

The Bosnian War, which seems likely to bring down Slobodan Milošević, was won by American air power in an unholy alliance with Iranian terrorism. According to the L.A. *Times*, the CIA has revealed that President Izetbegovic took a $500 million payoff from the Iranians who wanted to help reelect this European disciple of the Ayatollah Khomeini. Even as Bill Clinton was giving the Muslim government of Bosnia a clean bill of health, the CIA was describing its president as "literally on the payroll" of Iran. The CIA also estimates that between May 1994 and December 1996, Iran smuggled 14,000 tons of arms into Bosnia with a value of $100-$200 million. The foreign policy genius who helped engineer the deal? None other than Anthony Lake, Clinton's nominee for CIA director. Lake deliberately misled both Congress and the CIA about American involvement with Iran, and on November 7, the House made a criminal referral of Lake to the Justice Department. If the Republicans cannot stop his nomination, they are missing an opportunity to be statesmen and hardball politicians at the same time.

—Thomas Fleming

LEADERSHIP

Trickle-Down Ethics

by Ralph R. Reiland

"It's everywhere," says Mike, a young cop in Pittsburgh's Zone Four, an urban area that runs from Brookline to Broadhead Manor, referring to the widespread use of illegal drugs, especially among kids. "My girlfriend even uses it. Almost every kid I stop, when I check their cigarettes, there's marijuana in the pack," he explains. "We don't even arrest them anymore. I just break it up and throw it on the ground."

"Marijuana's a gateway drug, but they don't see the danger," he says. "If I try to talk to them, to give them some fatherly advice, they act like I'm the one who's off base: 'Come on,' they say, 'I can handle it. They do drugs at the White House.'"

Nationwide, marijuana use has more than doubled among 12- to 17-year-olds since Bill Clinton was elected. President Clinton denies any cause-and-effect, but when the leader of our country tells a teen-oriented audience on MTV that if he had to do it over he would not "just say no" but instead inhale, what lesson are kids to draw? Overall, illegal drug use has jumped by 33 percent between 1994 and 1995, reports the Household Survey on Drug Use, and monthly use of LSD and other hallucinogens has nearly tripled in the past four years.

Another example of the effect of White House ethics was seen late last year outside a New York jail, where newspaper photographers snapped the picture of a blind woman carrying a briefcase. It contained $50,000 in cash, bail money for her husband, Burton Pugach, age 69. Mrs. Linda Pugach was blinded by Mr. Pugach, a personal injury lawyer, in 1959. Burton was married to someone else at the time, and Linda was a single, pretty 23-year-old secretary who rebuffed his advances. Burton responded by hiring three thugs to throw lye in her face. "If I can't have you, no one else will," he said at the time. "When I get finished with you, no one else will want you." The young secretary lost one eye and was declared legally blind in the other. After Pugach got out of prison, 14 years later, Linda married him.

Now, 59-year-old Linda was carrying her husband's bail money. He's accused of threatening to kill his latest mistress after she ended their five-year affair. He told prosecutors that his wife *approved* of the adultery: "She told me, 'If President Clinton can do it, so can you.'" On the jail steps, reporters asked Linda Pugach how she felt about her husband. Her reply? "Did you call Hillary and ask her how she feels? Hillary isn't asked to explain."

New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan worries that American society is "defining deviancy down," tolerating what's intolerable. "We've become accustomed to alarming levels of crime and destructive behavior," he says. "The result is a general acceptance of the abnormal as normal. We have been redefining deviancy so as to exempt much conduct previously stigmatized."

This redefining of deviancy was never clearer than in the wake of the Dick Morris scandal. According to a *Newsweek* poll, 68 percent of respondents said that the presidential advisor's "dealings with a prostitute wouldn't make them less likely to vote for Clinton." Most voters seemed unbothered that room service included toesucking and adultery. *Newsweek* reported that the "68 percent say it hasn't made them doubt Clinton on family values."

In 1992, Dick Morris told the *Los Angeles Times* that he knew he had tastes in common with Bill Clinton when he saw a sexy picture of Dolly Parton taped in-

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side Clinton's bathroom.

Two weeks before Christmas, *New York Post* columnist Liz Smith interviewed Sharon Stone. It turned out that one of Ms. Stone's "big fantasies" during the holiday season was visiting the White House, where she'd like to run from room to cavernous room, "twirling Bill Clinton's boxer shorts above my head."

We're a long way from 1988, when Democratic hopeful Gary Hart was forced out of the presidential race after reporters spotted him on *The Monkey Business* in Bimini.

Ralph R. Reiland is an associate professor of economics at Robert Morris College in Pittsburgh.

URBAN LIFE

The New Federal Cities

by Martin Arbagi

"It is a hobby of mine to have an exact knowledge of London. There is Mortimer's, the tobacconist, the little newspaper shop, the Coburg Branch of the City and Suburban Bank, the Vegetarian Restaurant, and McFarlane's carriage-building depôt. That carries us right on to the other block."

—*Arthur Conan Doyle,* The Red-Headed League

". . . the city [polis] *comes into existence, originating for the sake of the bare needs of life, and continues in existence for the sake of a good life."*

—*Aristotle,* Politics

"African-American Males Marching Proudly Forward in Unison Toward a Drug Free Society." The sign was too big for the storefront on which it was erected, and the recent substitution of the trendy "African-American" for "black" only made matters worse. Funded by a federal grant and run by a coalition of ministers, the group had opened offices in three deteriorating neighborhoods. This particular facility was near a shelter for battered women, though a few vacant buildings, a weed-grown lot, and a nail styling parlor intervened.

My bus jolted its way a couple of miles further up the potholed street to a newly gentrified area. Four hip art galleries sat next door to one another. Signs on one loudly proclaimed a "going out of business sale." Then came the Free AIDS clinic, a classical record store, the North Side Mental Health Center, and the Global Caring and Sharing Boutique. There, the Tiny Sisters of the Downtrodden, a Roman Catholic order of nuns, sold handcrafted items by Mexican Zapatistas and Tamil separatists (the PLO Candy Department had been discontinued since the peace with Israel, though there were rumors that it would be reopened under the auspices of Hamas).

Like Sherlock Holmes, who prided himself on an exact knowledge of London and could name from memory the businesses on any given street, I enjoyed keeping track of the mercantile affairs of my much smaller metropolis. Leaving the car in its garage once a month, I took the bus which ran through the heart of town, and watched the ebb and flow (mostly the former) of commercial activity. I witnessed two of the three upscale men's clothing stores abandon downtown for the suburban malls, as had two of the three department stores. One of the men's shops had been taken over by the Metropolitan Arts Council, and there was talk that the building which had formerly housed the larger of the two defunct department stores might be used by the downtown branch of the Public Library. The expansion of the municipal jail, the new County Office Building, and the local junior college had engulfed a number of other derelict commercial structures. Well, well, I thought, at least it doesn't look like a burned-out shell, as so many other inner cities do now.

Another pothole jarred my brain out of its comfortable rut: "But they don't pay taxes," said a small voice. "Why didn't you listen to your own lecture?"

My own lecture? It had been that very morning in my upper-level survey of Roman history. I had been speaking of the role of the city in Greco-Roman antiquity. One does not have to be a Marxist (I told the students) to believe that the city is fundamentally an economic entity. It serves as a base for industry, trade, and banking; in preindustrial cultures, it served as a market for the agricultural produce of the surrounding countryside. Even the site of a city is usually economically determined: the junction of two major roads, proximity to natural resources, the head of navigation of a river, a good harbor, and so forth. But in classical antiquity, the city was viewed as an administrative and cultural necessity as well. Nor were the Greeks and Romans the only ones with that view. The so-called "cities" of the Old Kingdom of Egypt appear to have been ceremonial and governmental centers, as were similar sites in pre-Colombian Central and South America. Civilized life was simply not possible without the city. Consequently, even if an urban center did not fully justify its existence economically, it would be necessary, under certain circumstances, for it to be maintained. In such a situation, the city becomes parasitical, draining more out of the economy than it generates as a commercial and manufacturing hub.

There is an old cliché among Romanists (I had continued in my lecture) that the early Roman Empire was, in terms of its internal administration, a confederation of city-states. The imperial government took care of foreign policy and defense, leaving local government to the *civitates*. Each city was responsible not only for governing itself, but also for administering the surrounding countryside—the *pagus*, as it was called. This was all well and good in the East, which was heavily urbanized. But what about the Western portion of the Empire? To be sure, there were here, as in the East, certain districts, such as Italy, Sicily, southern Gaul, and North Africa around Carthage, which was dotted with urban centers, large and small. But there were also vast territories which, when they had been conquered by the Romans, were in a relatively primitive state. The natives were organized into tribes, and though villages may have existed, there were no true cities as such. Areas in this classification included the northern and central portions of Gaul and the Iberian peninsula, and all of Britain. Here, the Romans followed a conscious policy of founding new towns. These fledgling urban centers were not only viewed as administrative necessities, but also as nuclei from which the urban-based Greco-Roman culture could spread into the surrounding *pagus*. Of course the Roman planners located their new towns

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shrewdly, with an eye to practical economics. The fact remained, however, that even if there were no economic need in a given location, cultural and administrative exigency might force an urban foundation. Thus it was that from the beginning, many Roman cities, especially in the Western portion of the Empire, may well have been economic freeloaders.

City governments began to develop curious deficiencies in the area of managerial and administrative expertise. Towns would go head over heels in debt. Monies were lavished on various projects, only to find that funds ran out when construction was only half-finished.

By the second century, the imperial government stepped in to clean up the mess. The imperial treasury frequently bailed out municipalities, the result being that once a municipality had received one or two shots in the arm, it became addicted—hooked on "fixes" from the central government.

Don't we hear many of the same arguments now? Granted that New York City (or Cleveland or St. Louis) has lost most of its factories to the Sunbelt, Japan, Mexico, or to the very hinterland that it was servicing 75 years ago. The big stores have moved to colossal shopping malls in the suburbs. The middle classes are also leaving as their white-collar jobs follow the factories or move to suburban offices. Now that middle-income citizens and the businesses that pay most of the taxes are in the suburbs or even further out, they understandably resist higher taxes for urban subsidies and even more understandably resist mergers between city and suburban governments because these are subsidies in disguise.

Also, urban governments have an often deserved reputation for incompetence and corruption. The city's population generally comprises two groups: a small, wealthy elite and a growing "underclass," characterized by illegitimate children growing up in fatherless households, living in crime-infested slums, and subsisting on government assistance. One of five inhabitants is on the dole. Both the urban elite and the underclass tend to support the notion of the city as an administrative, ceremonial, and cultural center. The elite value the economically unproductive and frequently tax-exempt theaters, concert halls, galleries, and libraries springing up like multicolored fungi in the rotting urban core. The underclass want continuance of the government subsidies which form their principal means of subsistence. Ever more intrusive federal, state, county, and local governments rear mighty edifices symbolic of their growing dominance. But these structures yield no more taxes than do the museums of the gentry or the state-funded housing of the underclass. Unable to generate enough in taxes to keep itself going, the city teeters on the edge of bankruptcy, and becomes a permanent drain on the resources of the state and federal governments. But if New York City disappeared, where would we put the Metropolitan Museum of Art? The Fifth Avenue Library? Carnegie (or Severance) Hall? And whoever heard of holding Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade in a shopping center?

One innovation of the new social history (I went on to my class) is the study of how space is used. A major difference between the ancient and the medieval city is the shrinkage of *public*, and the growth of *private*, space. Roman cities, in particular, remind us of modern urban centers with their relatively wide streets laid out in a checkerboard pattern, their spacious public squares and forums, and their public conveniences: libraries, theaters, basilicas which contained courts and other government offices, schools, and, above all, the great Roman baths. These really functioned as community centers with exercise and massage rooms, lecture halls, and other accommodations in addition to the hot and cold swimming pools that formed the nucleus of the complex. But the medieval town, inside its restricted walls (fortifications are expensive to build), with its narrow, winding, haphazard streets, and lack of public space (typically only for churches or a cathedral with perhaps a small square or piazza in front of it) strikes us as close and dirty. We deplore how the inhabitants of medieval towns often walled in theaters and turned old Roman public buildings into private spaces: arcades for small shops, residences, and the like.

Medievalists have examined lives of saints—a popular form of literature at the time for the literate public—and discovered that most of the action takes place indoors or in other private spaces. By way of contrast, saints' lives from late antiquity are set mostly out of doors or in public spaces. Constantinople, the largest city in early medieval Europe, shrank in size from about 500,000 in A.D. 600 to approximately half that by A.D. 700. The reason? When the emperor Constantine had moved the capital of the Roman Empire there in the fourth century, he had, in imitation of old Rome, instituted a dole for the poor. For all his favoritism toward Christianity, Constantine's urban policy was still firmly grounded in pagan antiquity. But the dole was discontinued by the emperor Heraclius 300 years later. Land vacated by the unproductive urban poor was turned to agricultural uses, and working farms grew within the city limits of Constantinople. While the remaining population included bureaucrats and clergy, to be sure, it was largely made up of the artisans, shopkeepers, and traders who generated taxes. Medieval man realized, as the Romans had not, that cities must pay their way.

No one wants a return to the cramped and squalid medieval town of yore. But the Metropolitan Arts Center and the Global Caring and Sharing Boutique pay no taxes. Worse yet, the shelter for battered women and the AIDS clinic are not only tax-exempt but they generally serve a population that pays no taxes. Perhaps our fixation on "the good life" has usurped "the bare needs of life." We must insist that our urban centers pull their own weight or, like Constantinople in the Middle Ages, shrink until they do so. Those who will not learn from history are condemned to repeat it.

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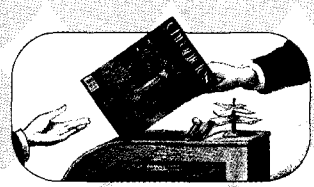

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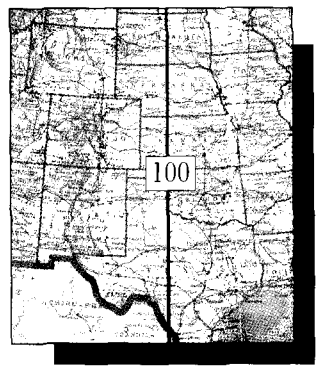
by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

Hobbles and a Bridle

Neither Art Antilla nor I felt like getting drunk. We stood away from camp on the cliff edge above Devil's Hole canyon, drinking black coffee while the Commissary Commandos huddled around the campfire with their whiskey bottles and someone pitched a bowling ball over the talus slope to the creek bottom 800 feet below for some sheepherder to find and marvel at. The ball struck first 100 feet down, bounced, soared another 300 feet, struck a boulder, and flew on like a cannon shot, taking with it the top half of a small pine tree before lodging itself in the creek bed. The Commandos cheered lustily, and everyone had another drink. When I was able to make myself heard again I went on with the story of how Saab Star had broken his picket line one evening at Elbow Lake in the Wind River Mountains earlier in the summer and made his way out through more than 20 miles of wilderness to the trailhead. "You ought to try hobbling him next time," Art said.

We watched while the gelding, lifting his feet, carefully untangled his legs from the picket line as he grazed in a clearing on the other side of camp. "I've had that horse since he was 18 months old," I said. "I broke him and finished him, and I know him well enough to be 90 percent certain how he'll react in any situation. He isn't like other horses. If I put hobbles on him he'd panic and throw himself, and I couldn't get close enough to take them off without getting my head kicked in. I'd never get him on his feet again without Steve Walker's backhoe to lift him up."

Art was dubious. He said he had never known a horse not to take to hobbles without a lot of trouble. Art remarked that he had a seven-year-old mare that had been saddle-broke, then foaled before anyone got around to bridle-breaking her. "She did real good under saddle," he said. "We snubbed her to a post and got up on her, and during elk season that fall we ponied her while she carried one of my boys. I don't have a whole lot of free time this summer," he added. "If you could finish her for me, I'd be willing to make it more than worth your while."



I considered.

"State your price," he urged.

"You just want her bridle-broke? That shouldn't be a tough job. I'll do it for . . . let's say a set of good leather hobbles."

Art was surprised. "That don't sound right to me."

"Why not? It's easy work."

He shrugged. "All right then, a set of hobbles."

Art introduced us at Chester Buck's ranch on the Hams Fork below the Lake Viva Naughton Dam the week after the Commando trip. My pupil was a fleabitten Quarter Horse mare, not tall but stockily built. Her name, Art said, was Stormy. He brought the saddle and blanket from a horse trailer parked against the barn, and together we snubbed her, placed the blanket and pulled it up on the withers, and set the saddle carefully on the blanket. Reaching under her belly for the girth, I put the end of the billet through the ring and drew on it, taking care not to fix the strap too tightly. Then, standing by the mare's head with my right arm under her chin, I took the bridle Art handed me, laid the snaffle bit gently against her front teeth, and pulled back on the headstall. The mare took the bit easily, and I slipped the brow band in place and fastened the throatlatch. "Good girl," I told her.

I untied her from the post and led her onto the turnaround in front of the ranch house, well away from outbuildings, parked vehicles, and fences. While Art looked on from a distance, I stood by her left shoulder and drew back, very lightly, on the reins. The mare looked bored. Holding the reins in my right hand I set my left foot in the stirrup and stood in it, letting her feel my full weight before stepping down. I did this four times, and on the fifth I swung my right leg over without touching the croup. I stepped down, then up again, and this time I thrust my right boot firmly into the stirrup. When the mare did not react I urged her forward with a light pressure from my heels. She stepped out instantly and went five or six paces before, light as a butterfly, I let her feel the reins.

The mare went up on her hind legs as I leaned into the mane, lost her balance, and fell over backward on the turnaround. Art later claimed that I saved my life by kicking out of the saddle, but it is much more likely that I fell from it. I landed on my back on the hard red clay with the wind knocked out of me and the mare alongside in the same position, as if we were a couple in bed together. She rolled to get her legs under her, scrambled up, and stood with the reins dragging, while I lay staring at the violet sky and fighting to regain that hollow feeling in the chest that means you have air inside it, not solid bone. As soon as I could breathe again I got on my feet and retrieved my hat, lying in the dust a few yards away. On the one hand, I didn't want to get up on that horse again. On the other hand, I knew I had to. When I did though I made a big point with her about not pulling back on the reins. Instead I mounted and dismounted several times before snubbing her again, removing the bridle, and pulling down the saddle and blanket. "Round one goes to you," I told the mare. "But tomorrow is another day."

When I returned to the ranch next morning I had along my own, lighter, saddle and blanket, and also two 20-foot lengths of smooth nylon rope and a driving whip. The mare was off grazing in willows away from the fence with the other horses, pretending not to have noticed me. I approached carrying a handful of sweet grain in a bucket and making a noise like an oat, slipped the halter over her nose, and brought her out of the pasture to the snubbing post. "Today we go back and start from the ground up," I told her. "You're in kindergarten again."

I saddled and bridled her, knotted the ends of the reins together, and dropped

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the loop over the saddle horn. Then I tied the ropes to the snaffle bit rings and ran them back through the D-rings above the saddle skirts until I had better than ten feet of free rope to work with from behind her rump. Finally I untied her from the post, took the rope ends in one hand, and the whip in the other. "Get up," I told the mare.

After two days of ground driving—start, stop; left, right—I tied a 40-pound grain sack across the saddle and worked her another day with that. By week's end she was docile and obedient, though less than enthusiastic, and I felt ready to try her again, stepping on and off several times before taking a deep seat and giving her my heels, very gently. She stepped out gingerly, and I allowed her to proceed 25 or 30 paces before drawing rein. The mare stopped, and looked back at me with a long sour face. "Tch," I said, nudging her in the flanks, and we started forward again.

"How's Stormy doing for you?" Art Antilla asked when I spoke with him that evening.

"Pretty good. I think she was giving me a wink this afternoon."

"Better watch out then. She's probably up to something. Women almost always are."

"I'll show her something to occupy her mind," I told him.

The second day after that I arrived later than usual at the ranch. This time, besides the saddle and blanket, I had with me a martingale, and saddle bags containing a water bottle and a packet of jerkied elk meat. It was a fine afternoon in late summer, with a light breeze driving small white clouds in a high blue sky. I saddled up and added the martingale, running the reins through the rings at the split ends and securing the single one to the girth. Two blue tick dogs followed at the mare's heels as we rode out from the ranch yard, then fell back as we approached the river.

The water ran high and fast at the ford, rising to the stirrups as the mare breasted the current. We came up dripping on the other side and followed the wagon trail above Fish Creek, climbing to the western bluff. The mare stepped tentatively, but she kept moving and responded to the signals I gave her. The gray face of the dam ran parallel half a mile to the north, beyond open pasture where six palomino horses grazed. They moved like studs, and because the mare was in estrus I looked for the fence separating the pasture from the wagon trail. It was out a few hundred yards, the gray weathered posts standing erect in a straight line across the field. The horses paid no attention to us as we rode by on our way up Fish Creek canyon to the plateau above the bluff, where I dismounted to drink from the water bottle and eat a piece of the jerky while the mare cropped the grass between the sage bushes. Beyond the sweep of the green-gold plain, forested ridges converged on the upper reaches of the Hams Fork draining south to fill Lake Viva Naughton, its blue corrugated surface scratched by the white wakes of power boats. I remounted and rode on across the plateau toward Dempsey Basin for a couple of miles before reining the mare around and returning along Fish Creek to the Hams Fork valley.

The horses were grazing nearer the fence as we came up, and this time they noticed us. One of them raised his head to stare, followed by the other five, and suddenly they were in motion across the pasture, their tails lifted and their heads flung back. I reined in and sat the mare, the two of us watching as they pounded toward the fence line which would bring them up short in another 100 yards. Then they were on the fence and through it, pouring in a golden mass between the unstrung posts as the mare, trembling with anticipation, flared her nostrils and screamed.

I attempted to hold her from the ground as the stallions swirled around us, biting at one another and kicking out at the mare with their heels. I held on as long as I could before dropping the reins and retreating a safe distance as the dominant horse, having run the others off, tried to mount her, and she repulsed him with a double-barreled kick, and sprayed him. Kicking and biting, they continued their foreplay for several minutes before the mare broke away and trotted off in the direction of the bluff, pursued by her suitor who, though covered with sweat and teeth marks, remained passionate.

Cursing, I followed through the sagebrush and caught up with the mare an hour later on the rise of ground anchoring the western end of the dam to the bluff. Both reins had been torn from the bridle, the saddle bags were ripped open, and the blanket and saddle damp with musk. I tied the ends of the martingale over her neck, took up the rope hanging under the halter, and led her downhill, across the pasture, and through the phantom fence to the wagon trail. Ahead was the river, chest deep and running too swift for a man on foot to ford. From the martingale and what remained of the lead rope I jerry-rigged something like reins to give the mare the illusion of control. Then I mounted and rode along the trail to the ford, where I put her across at the deepest place to wash the foul-smelling tack. Riding on through the willows we were greeted by the blue ticks, waving their tails and grinning at us from the sides of their mouths.

In town I called Art Antilla, who had just come off work at the power plant. "I'll take her out for a couple more spins around the block, and she'll be finished," I said.

"Is she going to make a good horse?"

"You can take that horse to war and she'll never bat an eyelash," I told him.

We met at the ranch several days later and Stormy and I gave an exhibition, trotting and loping in circles, backing, and performing figure eights. When we finished, I dismounted on the right side. Art was impressed but he did notice an unpleasant odor, which lingered. I told him about the encounter on Fish Creek and he look chagrined. "I ought to have warned you about those stallions," he said.

Art reached through the open window of his truck and lifted a set of leather hobbles from the seat. "I figure you've earned these, and more."

I accepted the hobbles from him and examined them.

"Are those okay?" he inquired.

"Very nice. They look like work to me, though."

"I can probably find you a backhoe if you need one," Art Antilla said.

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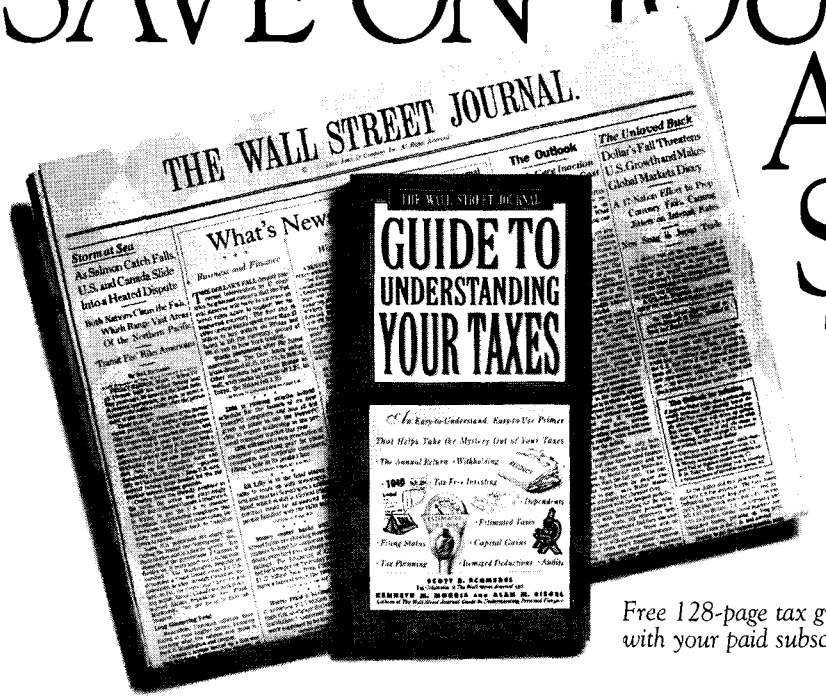

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